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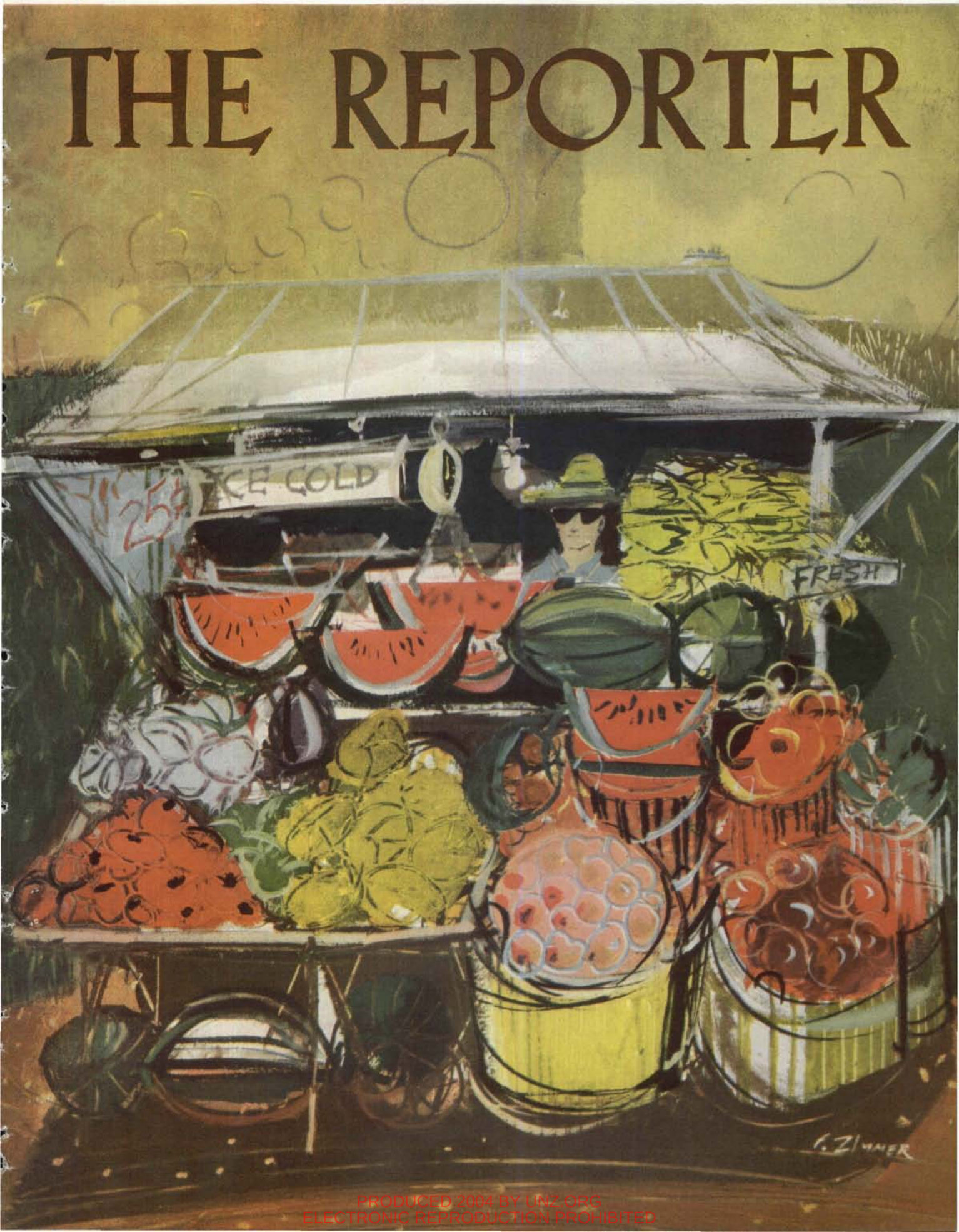
CDC August 8, 1957 25¢ THE GOOD NEWS FROM FRANCE (page 28)

THE REPORTER



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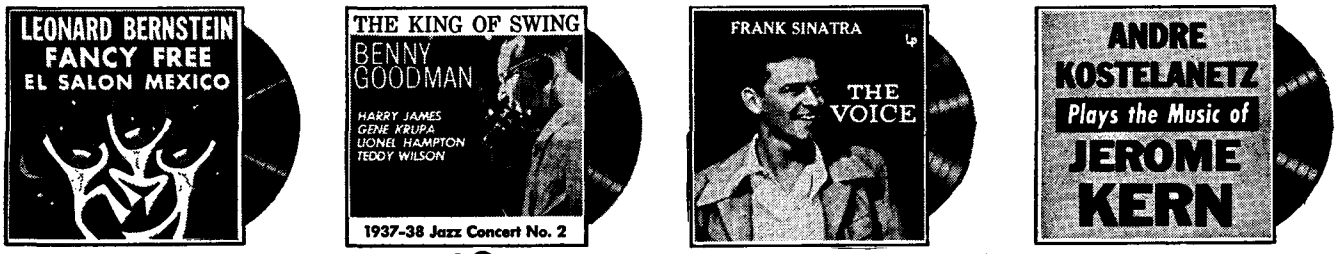

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9. **Day By Day** Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including *The Song Is You, Autumn Leaves,* etc.

10. **Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.

11. **Music of Jerome Kern** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.

12. **Concert by the Sea** Erroll Garner in an actual jazz performance at Carmel, Calif. *Teach Me Tonight, Where or When, I'll Remember April*—8 more.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Khrushchev and Plunkitt

General Eisenhower has always stood above the sordid details of party politics. Perhaps if he didn't stand quite so far above them he wouldn't have had what he calls "a very tough time trying to defend our position" back in 1945 when his friend Marshal Zhukov "insisted that their system appealed to the idealistic, and we completely to the materialistic. . . ." Soldiers may get lost in clouds of rhetoric, but practicing politicians the world over wouldn't have any trouble defending a touch of "materialism" here and there.

"It is not bad," First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev has said, "if in improving the theory of Marx one throws in also a piece of bacon and a piece of butter. When you have a hungry stomach, it is sometimes very difficult to understand the theory of Marxism-Leninism. But if you can have a nice apartment and good food as well as cultural achievements, then surely everyone must say, 'Certainly I'm for communism.'"

A strikingly parallel American version of this practical wisdom, written while Comrade Khrushchev was still in knee pants, appears in a fascinating book called *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall*, published in 1905. "You can't be patriotic on a salary that just keeps the wolf from the door," the Tammany sachem remarks at one point. "But, when a man has a good fat salary, he finds himself hummin' 'Hail Columbia,' all unconscious and he fancies, when he's ridin' in a trolley-car, that the wheels are always sayin': 'Yankee Doodle Came to Town.' I know how it is myself. When I got my first good job from the city I bought up all the firecrackers in my district to salute this glorious country. I couldn't wait for the Fourth of July. I got the boys on the block to fire them off for me, and I felt proud of bein' an American. For a long time after that I use to wake up nights singin' the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

Boss Khrushchev would surely have understood Boss Plunkitt. He certainly would have admired the patriotism of his followers. Why, some of them voted two and three times on election day.

The Two-Year Score

Last year the White House hastily drafted a bill for Federal school-construction grants after a White House conference had demanded urgent action. A combination of politics and the Powell anti-segregation rider kept the bill from passing.

But this year there seemed to be real hope. The Powell amendment had lost support, and more important, the need for school aid had been dramatized by the 1956 fight. The administration was apparently determined to get school legislation this time.

Certainly the new Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, Marion B. Folsom, thought the President meant business. When the United States Chamber of Commerce started a campaign of criticism against school aid, Folsom accused his former colleagues in the Chamber of distorting facts and figures.

Then came the letdown. It was apparent after G.O.P. Congressman Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey wrote the President to ask his support for the bipartisan compromise. This gave the Republicans practically all they wanted: $300 million a year in grants in place of the $600 million originally proposed by the Democrats; distribution of aid to be based both on local needs (as the Republicans wanted) and on school population (as the Democrats

PARKWAY MUSINGS

They've tamed the country for the sake of men,
And what we pass is patterned for our lives,
Bisected, leveled, cleared and drained, and then
Seeded to bring the green back to the earth
In strict control. But where now is the food
For outrageous fancy? Dark and dangerous wood,
Small Everest of rock, swamp-jungle pond,
The daisy meadow that can hide a child
Flattened to ground, tickled by weed and frond?

The grass is cut, the trees have long since gone,
Bulldozed to creaking death. The mounds are razed,
The only forest is of aerials,
Twigs brushed by the same tune a thousand times
But indifferent to wind. For miles no wild,
Strange, sudden life catches the human throat,
Swells the mind outward. Oh, there's light and air,
And children play and fathers mow the lawn
And mothers hang out washing, and you can find
The age-old acts of families. But where
Is the nourishment? That natural birth
Of dreams that flower in the untampered earth?

—SEC

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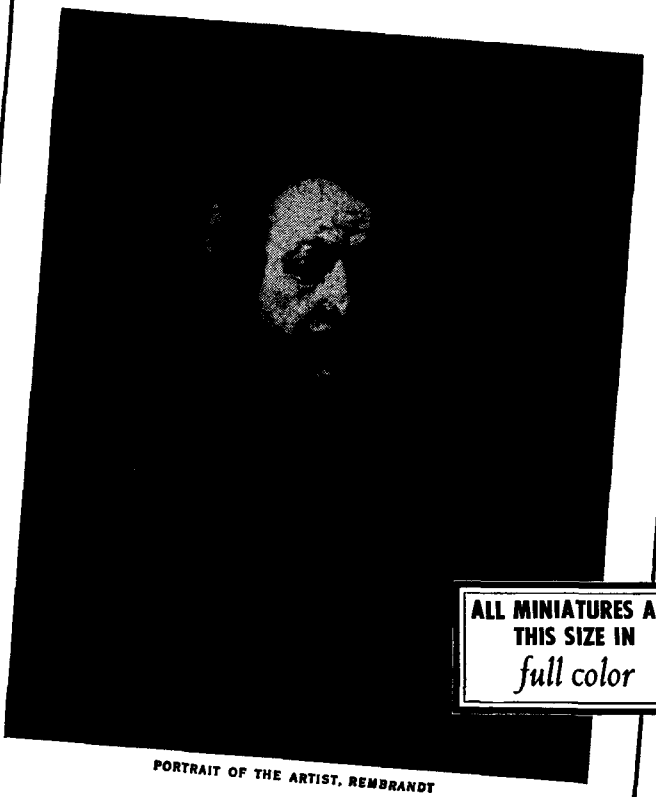

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wanted). The President's reply to Frelinghuysen was lukewarm. He preferred his original administration plan.

On the morning of July 22, Folsom held a press conference to urge school aid. He said he hoped the President would "get on the phone" to mobilize support. But later that day, after he had seen the President, Folsom replied "No comment" when asked whether Mr. Eisenhower had agreed.

Next day G.O.P. leaders Joe Martin and Charlie Halleck went to the White House to confer with the President. As they came out, Martin said that the outlook was not bright at the moment. Then the President cancelled his July 24 press conference, and the school construction bill was as good as dead. The end came quietly on July 25.

Once again the President has cheered his team onto the field only to turn around and walk away as if he didn't really care whether it won or lost.

Benevolence Unlimited

The latest embarrassment of the private-foundation world today is not so much that of riches as of numbers. In this respect the foundations seem to represent a striking case history in the mysterious operations of Parkinson's Law (see page 23), which attempts in magisterial fashion to codify certain latter-day responses to the ancient injunction to be fruitful and multiply.

A decade ago there were only some six hundred benevolent endowments in America; today there are well over six thousand, some handing out only thousands of dollars annually, others handing out millions, and a few disposing of tens of millions. In fact, we now have such a bewildering number of endowments that the Carnegie Corporation has set up another endowment just to serve as a citizens' guide to all the six thousand in existence.

Whether you are a writer, sculptor, lepidopterist, or student of pre-Columbian numismatics, you cannot do better than visit the Foundation Library Service at 588 Fifth Avenue, New York, where a staff of experts on benevolence will inquire into your desires and show you file material on every possible foundation functioning in your area. Listed under "Aesthetics," for instance, are 140-odd separate funds pledged to support the arts, ranging from the multibillion-dollar Ford aggregation to the minuscule Catherwood Foundation of Philadelphia, one of whose chief undertakings has been to assist Salvador Dali in the making of Surrealistic jewelry.

There are foundations dedicated to furthering world government, the single tax, calendar reform, and an appreciation of the principles of Vedanta. There are others out to fight evils ranging from cancer and juvenile delinquency to overweight. There is one foundation dedicated entirely to advancing contemporary abstract art, and another bent primarily on opposing it.

The biggest blue-chip endowments—Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and the other half dozen in the top class—usually content themselves with giving moneys to existing institutions (which often means other foundations) rather than to individuals, and these beneficiaries, in turn, often have a way of spreading their intake among collective or group projects. But that should not discourage the individual with some lonely project of his own. He may still write a symphony, send it to the Louisville Orchestra, and, if he is fortunate, win a substantial grant posted there by the Rockefellers. He may write a book, send a copy plus an application form to Mr. Huntington Hartford, Pacific Palisades, California, and—again, if he is lucky—win a five-hundred-dollar Hartford Foundation award plus an invitation to come and live for six months on Mr. Hartford's estate. If his art does not appeal to Mr. Solomon Guggenheim's foundation, he can try it out on the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation, and, if he fails to get recognition there, possibly on the Catherwood folks.

The possibilities are literally legion—provided you know the ropes. A trip to the Foundation Library Service is well worth the effort. Even if you should happen not to need any money, it will at least give you a firsthand impression of what Professor Parkinson was grappling with.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ISRAEL

To the Editor: I have read your "Notes on Israel" (*The Reporter,* July 11) with a great deal of interest. They represent a very penetrating examination into one of the exciting chapters of current history in the making. While it is never possible for two people to agree completely on what has been seen in Israel, nevertheless much of the material represents sound thinking and a constructive analysis.

PHILIP M. KLUTZNICK
President, B'nai B'rith
Park Forest, Illinois

To the Editor: I have read your fascinating report on Israel twice—with real enjoyment each time. It is a comprehensive sociological treatment of a complex subject which is stimulating and provocative.

RABBI JEROME UNGER
Executive Director
American Zionist Council
New York

To the Editor: Your article was fascinating reading. However, I carried away the impression that you followed too closely a parallel taken from earlier Italian history, which in turn seemed to imply (I may be misreading it) that Israel might face similar dangers.

I have always had a strong feeling that the Jews are essentially anarchist, reluctant to submit to authority, and this is the basic explanation perhaps for the Israeli distribution of authority and power. What may be regarded in other countries as a struggle by the estates against encroachment by the state is in Israel the reluctance of an entire people to accept the full disciplinary implications of statehood.

Messianism and subsequently Zionism, especially labor Zionism, have been primarily concerned with the social or moral salvation of the Jews. The state was incidental, a mere instrument. Labor Zionism was born out of East European Jewry's concern with the reorganization of its occupational structure and its mores. I almost have the feeling that if it were at all possible to preserve the political achievements of Zionism and the society that has been established within the framework of the state, some Zionists of the kibbutz movement would subscribe to Lenin's position, within another context, that the ultimate goal should be the withering away of the state.

I cannot agree with you on the statehood-mindedness of the kibbutzim. It was only in the years immediately preceding statehood, when all Jewish Palestine felt itself circumscribed and beleaguered, that the kibbutzim became a nationalistic force in the sense you suggest. A large section of the kibbutz movement was allergic to the idea of statehood until the very eve of the establishment of Israel. The Jews survived through centuries of the Diaspora less because of their national fervor than because of their social consciousness, tribal though it may have been. The so-called Israeli estates you referred to are within that tradition. The Diaspora kehilla was monolithic, a state within a state, only when reactionary states used it as their instrument. Generally, the kehilla was a very loose and voluntary coalition, an expression of Jewry's reluctance to submit to discipline.

I missed in your article several central motifs of Zionism, among them the cultural renaissance and the religious base, but that would have required an entire book. I must say that I have never come across so much information and perceptive observation on Israel in a single article. On this score my sincerest admiration.

JUDD L. TELLER
New York

To the Editor: Thank you for your very interesting and informative "Notes on Israel." I believe your report will enlighten others to understand the plight of "the victims of a most abominable persecution."

JOAN SHERIFF
Chicago

To the Editor: Stirred to the depths of my being by the incisive and evidently veracious report on Israel, I write to tell you that of all the reports about Israel and its various factions yours is positively the best.

ADOLPHE DE CASTRO
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Please accept my thanks for an excellent discussion on modern Israel.

TO OUR READERS

As our regular readers know, two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. The first has already been dropped. Accordingly, the next copy will be dated September 5, when our usual fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed. The dropping of the two issues—which would have been dated July 25 and August 22—does not affect the number of issues each subscriber receives.

Your article is the first analysis of the new state to clarify much that was previously obscure in my mind.

The new state also has other problems of an unforeseen nature, mainly associated with preserving the identity of the Jewish people without the cementing force of traditional Judaism. It was once believed that the founding of a national state alone would enable Jews who weren't religious to live as cultural and national Jews. But the presence of 200,000 non-Jews, intermarriage, etc., makes preservation of identity of Jews amongst the Israeli population a difficult matter. Moreover, the ancient Jewish laws on which the state operates, and which assumed in ancient times the exclusive citizenship of Jews, have to be accommodated to non-Jews and their participation in making and interpreting the laws. The solution of these problems will require the best thinking and practice of the new state.

EDWARD NEWMAN
Los Angeles

ATLANTA

To the Editor: I thought Douglass Cater's article "Atlanta: Smart Politics and Good Race Relations" (*The Reporter,* July 11) was very good. He ought to do a story on the asset side of the race "problem"—how much Southern prosperity is due to increased purchasing power of the Negroes.

WILLIAM B. HARTSFIELD
Mayor
Atlanta

To the Editor: It takes a Southerner, I suppose, to appreciate the nuances of the Atlanta situation. But far too many Southerners absolutely refuse to recognize what they know they ought to recognize.

I am one of those who believe that the Atlanta method—which, as Mr. Cater observed, has a great many elements in it—is the one which is going to have the greatest success in evolving the new Southern way of life, which in many respects may not be so different from the old one but in all events will have removed from it the stigma of legal inferiority.

ROBERT L. SOMMERVILLE
President, Atlanta Transit System

To the Editor: It was indeed refreshing to read a report on the South containing a little different slant.

RICHARD B. RUSSELL
U.S. Senate
Washington

CARS AND DRIVERS

To the Editor: May I congratulate Tom Armstrong for his excellent and extremely witty article "A Field Guide to the Sports Cars" in your June 13 issue. As a bit of a maniac of "real" driving myself, I say "*touché*" to all of Mr. Armstrong's remarks.

I will, however, take issue with him on his statement that the German driver "is the best on the Continent." The German driver is indeed careful but only because he is terribly uncertain as to what to do, a rather serious drawback. Except for the Americans (who are handicapped by the fact that for a number of years now they have not had cars on which they could learn driving) and the Belgians (for much the same reason), the worst driver I have found on Continental roads is the German, with my countrymen at perhaps the same level but for exactly the opposite reason: They are very certain about what to do and are generally wrong about it.

GIANNI MANCA
Rome

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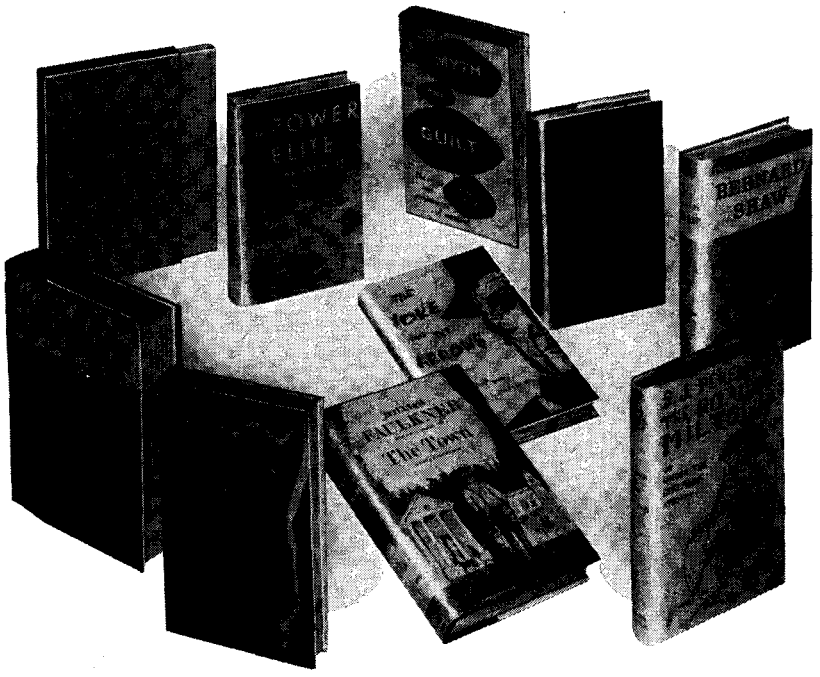

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THIS IS a pleasant season of the year in which to remember that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But even though each of us surely deserves at least two extra weeks of vacation this summer, there's no getting around the fact that the number of hours most American workers spend in their factories and offices has been steadily decreasing. The four-day week—or what may strike you as even more attractive, the eight-month year—is just around the corner. What kind of a boy will Jack be now, as the leisure classes become indistinguishable from the leisure masses? Will he use his new leisure to enrich his family and community life, to continue his education with worthwhile study and travel, and to develop the sort of avocations that can give him genuine satisfaction? Or will all that time on his hands simply make Jack a duller boy than ever?

Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** describes the latest developments in the American pursuit of happiness, and Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** reports on one of the more rewarding and hopeful uses to which some Americans are devoting their new wealth of free time. Sandwiched in between these two articles on leisure, we have placed two spirited reminders that work is still going to be work despite all the wonders of labor unions, efficiency experts, and automation. The short story by **Harvey Swados** will be included in his book *On the Line,* to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press in October. His novel *Out Went the Candle* was published by Viking. The full and definitive study of *Parkinson's Law,* from which we have excerpted a few pages, will be brought out in September, with more of Robert Osborn's illustrations, by Houghton Mifflin, who inform us that **C. Northcote Parkinson** has been Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya.

FOR A DECADE or more most of the news from France has harped on political paralysis at home and military disaster abroad. It is therefore a great pleasure to read the report from **Edmond Taylor,** a regular European correspondent, that beneath all this gloom and foreboding the heart of France—its people and its economy—is healthier than ever. Taylor, who lives in Paris, admits that gathering material for his article has been quite an eye-opener for him.

Isaac Deutscher, whose latest book is *Russia in Transition and Other Essays* (Coward-McCann), brings a formidable background of study and personal experience to the formulation of his interpretation of the recent shake-up in the Communist hierarchy. . . . When he finished his article for this issue, Washington Editor **Douglass Cater** did not yet know for sure what kind of civil-rights bill, if any, would finally be passed, but he had some pretty definite ideas about the manner in which the Senate was conducting the debate.

Just a year ago, in our issue of August 9, 1956, we printed an article by **Sidney Hyman** entitled "The Education of George Humphrey," describing the effect of government responsibility on the economic theories of a Cleveland businessman. Now as the Secretary of the Treasury returns to private life we can look at his final report card for the course. Mr. Hyman is the author of *The American President* (Harper).

ONE OF THE more profitable uses of leisure has always been and always will be reading good books. Reviewed in this issue are five that we feel sure our readers will want to know about. **August Heckscher** is executive director of the Twentieth Century Fund. . . . **Gordon A. Craig** is a professor of history at Princeton. . . . **S. L. A. Marshall** is military critic and chief editorial writer for the Detroit *News.* . . . **Henry Steele Commager** is a professor of history at Columbia. . . . **Ray Alan** is our regular Middle Eastern correspondent.

The ice-cold watermelons on our cover were lovingly painted by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Could You Stand A Four-Day Week?

ROBERT BENDINER

FROM THE SPATE of literature on the coming Era of Leisure it is hard to tell whether we are headed for an Elysium of culture that will put the ancient Greeks in the shade or for a hell of mass boredom modified by home carpentry, hi-fi, plush motels, and ping-pong. By far the most enthusiastic prophets of the New Day are to be found in the world of trade and the popular magazines, the most skeptical in the ranks of the sociologists.

Tide, a trade publication of the advertising business, not long ago devoted a solid four-article series to hailing leisure as "today's brightest new market." *Business Week* states it as a simple fact that "the future economy of America will be built on leisure-time spending." Appropriately, the theme of the United States exhibit at last year's International Trade Fair in Paris was the do-it-yourself movement, contrasted with a five-year plan for heavy industry featured in the Chinese Pavilion. And *Life* a while back went all out in characteristic rhapsody: "Almost unnoticed to many Americans, something has been happening in this country, in the past decade or so, which can only be described as a sort of cultural 'explosion.' Like great cultural explosions of the past —Hellenic Greece, Renaissance Italy, Elizabethan England, etc.—it is the fruit of wealth and leisure, but with the vast difference that America's wealth and leisure are shared by all its citizens to a degree hitherto unknown in the world."

AS AN ANTIDOTE to such exuberance, most of it commercial in origin, academic observers of social change have reservations, ranging from doubts to warnings of doom. "As we were once unprepared for the factory," David Riesman and Warner Bloomberg, Jr., ask mildly enough, "are we now not at least as unprepared for 'the life of Riley' . . . ?" Professor Sumner Slichter of Harvard has no doubt of the answer: "Most men are not prepared to make good use of large and sudden additions to their leisure." And William Russell, president emeritus of Teachers College, Columbia, has sounded the grim note that "Too much leisure with too much money has been the

dread of societies across the ages. That is when nations cave in from within. That is when they fall."

Confronted with such diverse opinion, it is not for the lay reporter to turn prophet but merely to suggest aspects of a problem grown suddenly formidable now that leisure no longer means an idle vacation hour on the beach. In the simplest terms, the problem is, What would you do if you could count on at least your present income for working only one-seventh of your time?

I am not saying that the twenty-four-hour week is upon us, but if modern technology doesn't first kill us all in a scientifically brilliant war, it will almost certainly provide such a work-leisure ratio long before today's high-school students reach the age of retirement. The degree to which we have stopped trying to atone for Adam's fall in the sweat of our faces is breath-taking. In 1800, with a raw country on the threshold of development, the average work week was eighty-four hours. By the end of the Civil War it was down to seventy, and men began to find an hour now and then for the new game of baseball, for circuses, carnivals, and an occasional whirl at the race track. In 1900 the sixty-hour week prevailed, and by the time Herbert Hoover went to the White House in 1929 it was down to fifty, with Saturday afternoon off for football, shopping, or the speakeasy.

Less Work, More Production

From the seventy-hour week of Grant's day, moreover, to the forty that is roughly standard today, technology has galloped ahead at such a rate that this year's worker produces six times as much as his grandfather for every hour he stays on the job. That means a per-capita increase in production of more than 240 per cent for thirty fewer hours of labor a week. With automation barely introduced and atomic energy still ahead, it requires neither sociologist nor economist to sense the shape of things to come.

Even now the forty-hour week is slipping into history. A Labor Department survey of six million workers indicates that forty-five per cent of office workers put in fewer than forty hours a week, not counting time out for coffee breaks and socializing at the water cooler. Walter Reuther's United Automobile Workers will ask for a thirty-two-hour, and perhaps a four-day, week in its 1958 negotiations, and the United Steelworkers plan to ask for the six-hour day two years from now. The International Association of Machinists voted unanimously last spring to press for a thirty-hour schedule, and an estimated ninety-seven per cent of those who belong to the International Ladies Garment Workers Union toil only thirty-five hours a week even now. Fewer than

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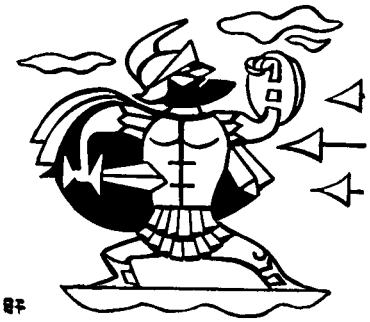
forty hours is likewise the rule for most workers in brewing, baking, rubber, publishing, and the building trades.

Vice-President Nixon played it safe when he recently predicted the four-day week in "the not-too-distant future," but others have hazarded dates ranging from the Twentieth Century Fund's guess of 1975 to that of Boyd Leedom, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, who thinks it is possible two years from now. Most of these estimates hinge on the speed with which automation and atomic energy take over American industry, and on this score I can only pass along what David Morse, director-general of the International Labour Conference, told this year's session in Geneva: "Things have happened far faster than most qualified observers in both fields expected." Forecasts, he added, have a way of erring on the conservative side. If so, perhaps longer-range prophets, like Joseph Prendergast, who directs the National Recreation Association, have likewise been too prudent. Mr. Prendergast foresees the ultimate—a seven-hour week—a hundred years from now.

To take the most cautious view, however, unless the transition to the new technology is wretchedly bungled, millions of Americans now working can expect sooner or later to have a great deal of paid time on their hands and relatively little background for turning it into leisure as opposed to mere idleness—that is, for making their nonworking hours give content to their lives. The prospect raises a number of questions that press for wider attention than they have yet had.

Who, for example, will be most affected by the imminent reduction in work, and what difference will it make? In so far as technological change is used to reduce hours rather than cut down on personnel, it will be the plant worker and the office clerk who acquire the spare time, while the professional man, the merchant, and those engaged in the services—entertainment, education, travel, and so forth—should find themselves busier than ever. As for business executives, we have it from shrewd observers like William H. Whyte that these competitive, ambition-ridden creatures take their work with them wherever they go and are practically incapable of leisure anyway, no matter what their formal hours.

That this trend toward leisure for the masses and work for the classes is already well along is apparent from numerous trade figures



and observable facts, a few of which should suffice. Boats and boat equipment have recently become a billion-dollar industry. Significantly, a survey of the Outboard Motor Club of America shows that in 1954, the first boom year, more than half the sales were to skilled workers, craftsmen, clerical workers, and salesmen. According to Dr. Ernest Dichter of the Institute of Motivational Research, a study of one Eastern area shows that seventy-five per cent of these buyers never owned an outboard before. A study by Alfred C. Clarke, a sociologist at Ohio State University, reports that "golf represents perhaps the most pertinent example of how an activity is being transformed from the exclusive possession of a few wealthy individuals to a popular pastime for many." Sales of fishing equipment are reported to have doubled in ten years, and *Tide* cites the comment of retailers in the business that it's the cheap rods that have been swelling the volume of sales. Trade unions that once had a hard time getting clean toilets for their members are now plugging three-week package tours to Europe.

Ultimately a society in which the low and lower-middle income groups have the leisure while the professional, executive, and entrepreneur classes work the long week would stand the classic social pyramid on its apex, with consequences correspondingly novel. It may be assumed, for example, that at least some of the unskilled and semi-skilled would turn to politics and government, at least on the local level, as leisure classes have done before. Hinting at this possibility in *Recreation,* Edward P. Dutton notes that "In the past, civic and welfare responsibilities have been taken on largely by the white collar and professional worker" and suggests that the democratic process can be enhanced by the infusion, suddenly possible, of new blood from mill and factory.

Culturally, the problem is more acute. Will the top-heavy inverted pyramid make for an even more standardized civilization than we already have, with popular reading, art, and music as dependent on the taste of one's friends and neighbors as the choice of car or clothes? A Columbia sociologist told the Herald Tribune Forum not long ago that "The mass production of distraction is now as much a part of the American way of life as the mass production of automobiles."

Dolce Far . . . Denaro

Before the political possibility becomes a nightmare to the bourgeois reader and the cultural one to the intellectual elite, let me hasten to suggest that forces both economic and social are likely to check any headlong rush and eventually to spread the pleasures of leisure with a somewhat fairer hand. Even now, in the beginning of the transition, many a productive worker who finds himself free at four in the afternoon

is more interested in adding thirty or forty dollars to his weekly income than in cultivating the joys of *dolce far niente.* Accordingly he takes two or three hours off and then, refreshed by a nap and an early dinner, departs for a second job. This

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may be no more than a four-hour shift as watchman in a neighborhood plant or perhaps as stockman in a local supermarket. The practice, not

too favorably regarded by the unions since it lessens a man's concern about conditions on his primary job, is known as "moonlighting," but there is nothing dreamy about it except the name. In the same spirit, some unions are promoting the shorter work week less for the leisure it might provide than for the additional overtime pay it promises.

In the long run, moreover, an extreme disproportion in the allocation of leisure should be precluded by the fact that as technology is stepped up, fewer and fewer people will be employed in industrial production no matter how short the work week. There is no need here to rehearse the well-known prospect of factories made relatively manless by electronic brains, servomechanisms, and the rest of the automation brood. Somehow, whether smoothly or with great creaking of the economic machinery, hundreds of thousands who might have gone into factories, mills, plants, and mines will have to be absorbed in trade and the service occupations. That process is already well under way. "Last year, almost without notice, the United States economy passed a major milestone," the New York *Times* reported a few months ago. "For the first time in the nation's history the number of people employed in the production of goods was fewer than the number employed in everything else—government, trade, services, finance, utilities, transportation."

Clearly this trend will have a braking effect on the advance of leisure, but no more than that, since only in somewhat less drastic a way will technical change affect offices, stores, households, construction, and transportation as well as factories, mines, and farms. The professions might seem to be beyond the reach of leisure-producing machinery, but in the end they too will be caught up in the changed pattern. For one thing, the tremendous boom in college enrollment should ultimately mean a swelling of the professional ranks to the point at which patients and clients are spread around in less than backbreaking proportions. Then, too, doctors and lawyers can be expected eventually to follow the prevailing social pattern, even if it means making less money. Small groups of doctors, taking joint quarters and rotating off-hour duty, are even now able to enjoy long weekends and even midweek breaks. Some are acutely conscious of the heart attacks that carry off so many of their overworked colleagues before their time, and they prefer to make a little less of what they can't take with them. I have even heard the idea advanced that a way should be found to enable independent professionals to take sabbaticals, not only for the sake of rest but as an offset to the narrowness of an overtechnical education and a specialist's life.

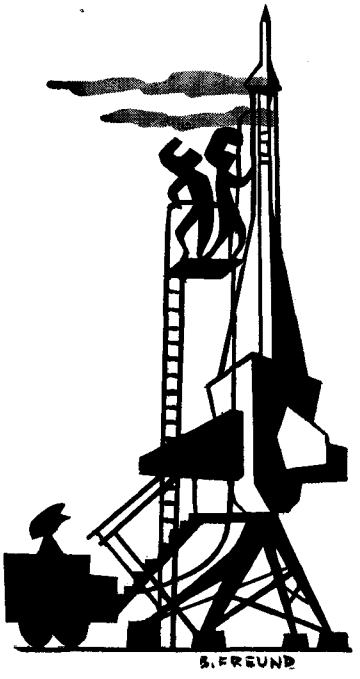
Of course, artists of all sorts are by tradition and necessity something of a law unto themselves. They may work the hours of a galley slave or no hours at all or hew to the work schedule of a bookkeeper. But since their work and pleasure are in the highest degree integrated (mere journalists excluded), they are the least likely to be affected by any change in the national leisure pattern or to care about it.

Four Months off with Pay

Most of the talk about further reduction of work is saturated with conventional habits of thinking about time. The twenty-four-hour week generally suggests a six-hour day, Monday through Thursday, with a three-day weekend to follow. But there is no need for such a pattern to be universal, and every reason for it not to be. If people are to work from nine to four, then travel an hour to their outlying homes (presumably a three-day weekend would give further impetus to the flight to suburbia), the new-found spare time would turn out to be hardly more than an extra hour or so to mulch the garden or watch television. The weekend would be long enough to make the highways even more murderous with local traffic than they are and not long enough to encourage trips of consequence. The gift of extra time would be dribbled away, with little to show for it.

The more hopeful possibility is that, given a minimum of imagination on the part of both labor and management, these outmoded rigidities will rapidly melt away, opening up completely new vistas. To take an extreme case, an employee might stick to the seven-hour day, five days a week, but work only eight months in the year. Given four months of his own with pay, he might elect to travel, he might take extension courses provided for the purpose in adult high schools and colleges, he might fill that seldom observed doctor's prescription to go away for his health, or he might satisfy a creative urge through some craft or art that he could never satisfy on the job.

No human arrangement being a guarantee against human weakness, it is just as possible, of course, that he would kick the months away in



restless boredom, drop his continuing income at the nearest track, or take up serious drinking. But the

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chances are that those who found such large doses of time hard to take would not repeat the experiment. They could elect, instead, to work the shorter day throughout the year, or a long day and a shorter week, or any other arrangement that suited their purposes and types of occupation.

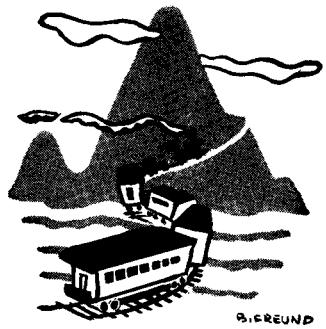
The advantages of this multiple pattern are several. With a staggering of hours, productive equipment could be kept going around the clock—a necessary arrangement with expensive automated machinery—and with the elimination of uniform schedules, the wear and tear of the rush hour might be reduced to tolerable proportions. Except for Sundays and holidays, which might even revert to their original purpose (some observers think that the present rise in church attendance is as much the consequence of the two-day weekend as of any sudden surge of spiritual feeling), there need be no uniformity about days off. Monday and Tuesday should prove as satisfactory as Friday and Saturday, and the spread would allow a reduction in weekend jams, shopping crowds, and highway casualties.

The Pursuit . . .

In contemplating the leisure to come, it is natural enough to see its content as a vast extension of what constitutes leisure today, to "project the trend," as the specialists say. While data in this field appear to be contradictory at best and extravagantly unscientific, a few of the findings seem substantial enough to report:

Nearly one-tenth of the country's national income of $342 billion is now spent on the materials, activities (including travel), and services of leisure time.

According to the Clarke study mentioned before, sixty to eighty per cent of that leisure time is spent in and around the home, by far the greatest part of it, unhappily, in watching television. Of the country's forty-six million homes, thirty-nine million are equipped with TV. (Boston is said to have more TV sets than bathtubs.) The latest estimate by the A. C. Nielsen Company, which rates programs, fixes the average viewing time at five hours and twenty-six minutes a day for each family. Other compilations show tremendous spurts in home gardening—there are supposedly eighteen million home landscape gardeners



in the country—amateur carpentry, and home decorating and painting. According to a reliable source, the sale of house paint was ninety per cent to artisans before the do-it-yourself craze and ten per cent to amateurs; the ratio is now seventy per cent to thirty.

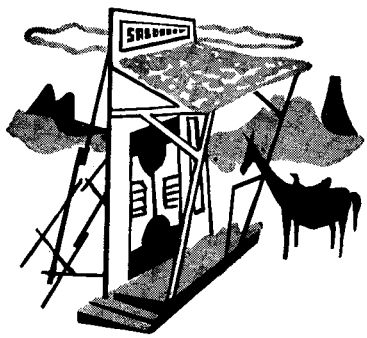
Attendance figures show a marked drift away from spectator sports in favor of sports that involve participation. Organized baseball, college football, and boxing matches are all attracting fewer customers than formerly, but more people are bowling, fishing, hunting, boating, skiing, and golfing than ever before. Archery has had a big boost, amateur Robin Hoods even stalking deer with bow and arrow, and whole new sports-equipment industries have grown up around skin diving, which is organized into hundreds of clubs, from Florida's Coral Creepers to the Puget Sound Mudsharks.

When a relaxing American isn't sitting home watching his television screen, tiling his bathroom, mowing his lawn, cooking a hamburger on his outdoor grill, attending a movie or ball game, or waiting six hours to play golf on a public course, the chances are overwhelming that he is traveling with his family or a part of it. Ten years ago 435,000 Americans went abroad; this year the estimate is that 1,500,000 will leave their native shores. As for domestic travel, the figures are staggering. The annual American Express Travel Survey indicates that 81 million tourists will have explored the country's sights this year, from the Liberty Bell to Seal Rock, and in the process spent more than $17 billion, or considerably more than it takes to operate the French government. So much of this roaming is done by car that motels, hardly heard of before the war, are now twice as numerous as hotels and constitute a billion-dollar industry. Six thousand of them have sprung up just in the past two years, many of them luxuriously appointed and equipped with air conditioning, TV, playgrounds, and swimming pools.

. . . of Happiness?

For all the comforts of home and road, an uncertainty, an edgy tentativeness, seems to blot up much of this free time already at the disposal of millions of Americans. Ted Patrick, who edits *Holiday*, probably the best of the various journals now devoted to the new leisure, feels that "Few of us really know what on earth to do with this extra time that has been given us," a sentiment supported by sources like the Macfadden Publications' Wage-Earner Forum, which showed that the average participant spent his spare time "just sitting around and talking." The picture of the traveling American grimly determined to "do" Europe or Yellowstone is too familiar to bear further study, but the guilt that underlies this joyless pursuit of pleasure is surely one of the basic problems in the coming of the leisure society.

It would seem, then, that a coun-



try which uniquely includes the "pursuit of happiness" in its Declaration of Independence has a vast job of reorienting to do, and one that has hardly been touched. Not a class but a whole society has to be freed of the stern belief in work for salvation's sake, the emphasis of its education shifted from training for

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a livelihood to the Aristotelian view that "the aim of education is the wise use of leisure."

WHAT THIS gets down to is not merely weaning a nation away from its puritan heritage—better puritanism than an eternity of Westchester weekends—but rather preparing people to find joy in the arts if

they can, or at least pleasure in a systematic pursuit that has more content than canasta or backyard barbecuing. Clifton Fadiman put the matter neatly: "It doesn't take a psychologist to predict that if we try to fill this leisure time by putting a small white ball into a slightly larger hole or gawking at television crooners, we will as a people go quietly or noisily nuts."

Mr. Fadiman feels that before this disaster overtakes us, people will discover the joys of reading (though Dr. Gallup reports that not more than seventeen per cent of us are currently reading a book, compared, say, with fifty-five per cent of the English.) Others point with satisfaction to statistics indicating a turn to the arts. Every year sees the founding of new symphony orchestras, and far more musical instruments and records are sold now than before the invention of radio, which it was feared would reduce the amateur musician to the status of the whooping crane. As a result, wrote the late Bernard DeVoto, "A generation ago most Americans were musical illiterates; today many of them are initiates at the age of twelve and connoisseurs and sophisticates at sixteen." Similarly, the sale of artists' supplies has gone up something like five hundred per cent since prewar days, and the number of Americans who now paint for their own satisfaction is authoritatively estimated at two million. Mr. Truman and President Eisenhower play the piano and paint, respectively. Had a Cleveland or a McKinley indulged in such frivolity, it is safe to say he would have kept it to himself.

Much more evidence of the same sort might be cited to show that, far as the nation may be from *Life's* "great cultural explosion," it is at least carrying on a flirtation with the Muses which can reasonably be expected to deepen with time and experience. But this is not to suggest that without preparation of any sort, or even a widespread consciousness of the problem, the free time to come will automatically be allocated to self-fulfillment. Unless our whole educational system soon addresses itself to developing a nation of rounded amateurs, we shall only be creating more and more time for people who have less and less need of it. And the emphasis of that educational system is still overwhelmingly on professionalism and specialization rather than the humanities.

Even After Yale

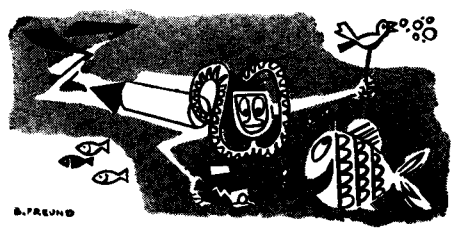
Riesman and others have suggested the need for "avocational counselors," and popular magazines are flooded with advice on the cultivation of hobbies. But in the main it will take all the educational facilities of the country to create the new climate, and here again, I think, there is need to break loose from old concepts. With time available throughout a man's existence, why should education, even in its formal sense, be confined to the first twenty years or so? It might be well to let some restless youngsters get into the working force at fifteen if they wish, rather than have them turn to juvenile delinquency out of boredom, and then bring them back to school at twenty-five, when they are mature enough to want to learn. Others might proceed pretty much along present lines, and still others could return to school intermittently over the years, either for the purpose of changing their occupations or simply to expand their horizons.

Sooner or later we shall have to shake off the whole tradition of "terminal education," I was told by Dr. Clarence Faust, who heads the Fund for the Advancement of Education. "We have to get rid of concepts like graduation and all the phraseology that suggests that education has fixed limits. 'Where did you get your education?' we ask a man, and the answer will be 'At Yale'—as though it came done up in a package."

The need is for more than adult classes or extension courses such as we now have. It is for a fresh concept altogether—a national interest in continuous education, through a combination of formal institutions, specialized television, discussion groups like the Great Books, and perhaps above all, the ancient method of person-to-person instruction. If leisure makes it possible for more and more people to learn, it can also provide more and more people to teach—people whose primary job may be in a bank or shop but who, having acquired proficiency in a language or an art, find it pleasant and profitable to teach it to others.

Unfortunately, little coherent planning appears to have been done along these lines, though foundations are beginning to survey the territory. Educators are concerned about the problem, I was told by one authority, but for the most part they take the view that if they do a good job with the present arrangements, the problem will take care of itself. Many labor unions have long provided classes of one sort or another for their members, and corporations have taken to sending their junior executives back to college for cram courses in the humanities. But far outbalancing these haphazard approaches is the constant commercial drumfire urging the public to spend its money on ways to spend its time.

RIGHT NOW it is business that is selling the life of leisure, and the life of leisure that business can sell is necessarily a life of Aqualungs, outboard motors, Skotch Koolers, and house paint—all good in their way, no doubt, but none of them suggesting for a moment that there was more to Greece than marathons and more to Rome than baths.



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Just One of the Boys

A Short Story

HARVEY SWADOS

LOOKING BACK on nearly thirty years of factory life, Buster felt reasonably proud that he had always supported his wife and daughter decently, and had worked up to becoming a foreman without acquiring the reputation of being either a climber or a schemer. He emphasized the soberness of his North German face in one way with a cigar, in another with the heavy-lensed eyeglasses that his increasing nearsightedness forced on him. When he thought how his once-powerful father, crippled in an industrial accident, had wasted away uselessly in a wheel chair, a burden instead of a provider to his wife and children, Buster was inclined not so much to complain about having had to go to work at fourteen as to be pleased with what he had achieved without an education.

Buster had stuck it out on the auto assembly line as a spot welder for sixteen years, through the depression and most of the war. When he put away his staff sergeant's uniform and came home from Louisiana, he claimed his seniority, no longer with any great expectations but feeling that it was only prudent, especially with rising expenses and a daughter starting school. Within a year he became a foreman; from time to time he was shifted from one line to another, but always it was made clear that his good qualities were appreciated, and there were even hints of better things to come.

BUSTER liked being a boss. "Never mind that I wear clean clothes now," he said to his wife one day. He held out his heavy hands to her across the kitchen table. "I worked for a long time and I'm willing to work again if I have to. What feels good is that I'm handling sixteen men because the company knows I know how to handle men. Not because I'm harder than the next man, or because I was against the union in the old days, or sucked around the bosses. The company knows where I stand and the men know where I stand." He could not keep from adding, "There's not many foremen can say that."

"I know, Carl," his wife replied. Her mind was on the hem of her daughter's dress that she was letting down. Lines were encircling Agnes's throat like necklaces and embedding themselves forever, and the truth was that she did not want him to be too satisfied. Before it was too late she wanted him to move up again.

Buster was willing to make the effort, just as he was willing to recognize that the little things that went with being a boss gave him as much pleasure as his improved status gave his wife. After ten years of it, he still liked coming to work in a dirty place with clean clothes on and knowing that he was not going to get them dirty. And everything that went with clean clothes. Not having to punch a time clock, but dropping in early instead to the body-shop office to sign in and sit on a desk edge talking over production problems. Not having to eat out of a lunch box on the floor, or in the huge prisonlike cafeteria with its long tables sprayed with spat-out grape pits, tipped-over sugar bowls, wet bread crusts expanding in pools of coffee, and cigarette butts put out in Jell-o, but at one of the quiet, clean tables in the supervisors' wing of the cafeteria. Not having to change into overalls in the vaulted locker rooms smelling of tired men and tired feet, but hanging his hat and sport jacket in the foremen's locker room.

And of course the money. Just as it was better to be the man who handed out the sixteen pay checks than to be one of the sixteen who received them, it was better to know that the check given you privately was a salary plus overtime that added up to a decent living.

Naturally you paid a penalty. You were constantly nagged by every boss who stood above you; there was no recourse if they chose to knife you, and if you wanted the job bad enough you held still and let them stick it into you. But to Buster this was the way life was, and if you were any good at handling sixteen workers you ought to be pretty fair at handling sixteen bosses. After all these years the top brass knew him as well as they knew anyone at his level, and they didn't often chew him out as long as he pulled production on his line.

BUT THEN the company built an enormous new plant out in the sticks, and after the big move Buster found that his problems were not only multiplied but infinitely more complicated than he had ever thought possible. In the old factory they had been building cars for more than a quarter of a century. Everyone knew where everything was, everybody knew everybody else—almost, anyway.

Here, however, there was a solid year of trial and error, of sweating and cursing and hiring and firing, of breakdown and repair, and even then production was not what it should have been, even then the big wheels rolled in from Michigan and struck terror into the heart of every boss in the building.

The basic trouble, as Buster was not alone in seeing, was that there was no longer a solid core of men who were used to building cars, knew what was involved in sweat and labor, and wanted the jobs bad enough to turn up in fair weather or foul, on time and ready to work a full day plus as much overtime as would be needed to hit the production quota. Absenteeism was fantastic—you were sure of having enough men to keep the line rolling only on payday, and the turnover was something unbelievable unless you stood there and watched the faces come and go, come and go in such numbers that you had to give up trying to learn their names because most of them wouldn't stay long enough to make it worthwhile bothering.

"As soon as you try to get them to see just beyond their noses," he complained to his wife, "they take the attitude you're a company man.

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I pick up pieces of lead six and eight inches long that my solder flowmen have thrown away because they can't be bothered flowing with a short stick, and when I tell them the price of a hundred pounds of lead they laugh at me. I keep the sandpaper locked up according to instructions, and hand the boys out one piece at a time. They ask me why I'm so stingy, they ask me if I'm paying for it, and when I tell them that every single abrasive disc—the ones they toss around like kids with flying saucers—costs fifty cents, you know what they say?" He took a gulp of coffee. "They say so what. You can't even get them to see that their jobs depend on keeping costs down. Even if you could, I don't think they'd care.

"Believe me, what the company did when they moved was to saddle us foremen with more headaches than we ever had. We're supposed to pull more production than at the old plant with a bunch of guys that walk in not knowing one end of a screw driver from the other, and are just as likely to walk out at the end of the day and never show up again."

AGNES raised her eyes briefly from the nylon stocking, the toe of which she was mending. She said mechanically, "It's a shame."

"It's asking too much. You can't make a quality product with just a mob. That's all you've got, a mob, different faces every day." Buster put down his coffee cup with a clatter and took off his glasses to wipe off the steam that had arisen from it. "Damn it, sometimes I wish they'd never built the new plant. We were all better off before."

Agnes smiled tolerantly. "Carl, you know that's silly. If it hadn't been for moving out to the country, we'd never have bought this nice house in a nice community, with Jeanie having a chance to meet refined boys and get away from the riffraff. And with you not having to go far to work," she added hastily. "It's worth putting up with some inconveniences when you think of the progress we've made just in this year alone. That's a sweet boy Jeanie's out with tonight. A college boy."

"Inconveniences. What a word for the headaches I've got!" Buster stood up and opened his belt. "Going to bed, Aggie. Sorry I can't wait up with you, but I'm beat."

For the first time, Agnes was touched. She put down the stocking and raised her face for his kiss. "I feel bad for you, Carl. But it can't get worse, it has to get better. And if I was you I wouldn't let the company forget what I've been doing for them."

BUSTER smiled grimly to himself on the way to work the next morning as he recalled his wife's naïve bedtime comment. After all these years she still didn't know the facts of life; it was lucky, he thought, that he'd taken her out of the beauty shop and insisted on her being a housewife.

When his men started coming in, he gave them each a hello as they ambled up from the time clock, opened their toolboxes, and put on their aprons. It was always his policy to say hello and good-by to his men no matter how grumpy he or they felt. He wanted them to like him and respect him, not to fear or mistrust him. There were a few who understood, he was sure, men like old Pop, the inspector who had been around for a thousand years, and probably Orrin, his one good metal finisher, who was doubtless going to be made a boss one of these days; but they were a tiny minority. For the rest you had to keep the line going with men who—even if they grudgingly admired you—assumed that you were really there to make them sweat.

"Here," he would say to a new man standing around with his file dangling from his hand, trying to look interested, "let me show you how to use that. Guide it with your left hand. Keep your thumb and forefinger spread across the back of the file and then just let it glide back and forth, like this. Don't rub, don't grip too hard. You know why?" He would smile at the awkward, nervous man. "Because this file can wear you down quicker than it can wear down the metal. Take it slow, easy, and steady, remember to guide it, not force it, and you'll do fine."

The responses were varied, but Buster held to the patient approach, treating the newcomers, he explained, as he would have wanted to be treated himself. There were times when he lost his temper, mostly when the pressure was on and Hawks the body-shop supervisor and some of the engineering wheels were standing around. Then he would yell and chew a man out for the work he'd left undone or the job he'd botched. Usually, though, he tried to stick to persuasion.

"Now look at that," he would say sadly, pointing to a low spot on a job one of his men had walked away from. "Would you buy that car?"

Or, when Hawks put the heat on him to have the men identify their work, he would pass among them with a box of chalk. "Don't make me tell you again," he would complain in as low a voice as possible. "They want to know which jobs are which. If you don't put your initials on every job you do, you'll wind up with a reprimand."

It seemed to him that the men on the line, including those who came and went like ghosts, must know that he was doing his best both to pull production and to cover for them, even when he screamed at them at the top of his lungs.

"Buster is the best boss in the shop." He had heard it with his own ears; he knew the word got around, and he knew that it was true.

HE HAD CONSTANTLY to be teaching these new men how to metal-finish, and as soon as one was well broken in, he would quit. That made no difference to the production men, who expected you to turn out forty units an hour if you had to do it singlehanded. And to top it off, the job-study engineers began to make tests on his line. They tried having his metal finishers do every fourth job instead of every third, but do the entire side instead of only the rear-quarter panel. This freed the metal finishers who had been specializing in front doors for other work, but it left Buster holding a bagful of complaints from men who didn't like to work in the first place and now felt that they had been tricked and overburdened. All he could say was that experiments were being made to expedite the work, and that nobody was going to be asked to do more than he was capa-

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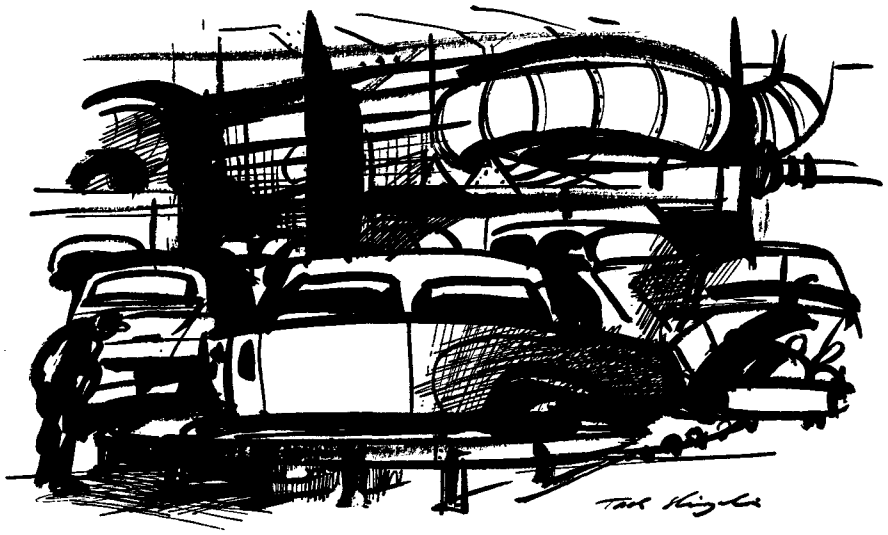
ble of doing. Since most of the men were new and probationary employees, they couldn't gripe to the union.

Buster did what he could. "I guess you don't believe it," he would say to a boy like Walter, who filed his heart out but still did miserable work, "but I used to work myself. Put in sixteen years before they made me a boss, so I know how the workingman feels. Here, let me show you that, if I can."

And as Walter wiped his sweaty forehead on his sleeve, Buster took up the file, buried his arm in the trunk, and reached far forward to tap at the difficult dent, cheering the boy along as he showed him how to do it. "I know exactly how it feels to have the damn things keep coming one after the other. Sometimes you wish the line would break down, right? What a wonderful feeling when you look back and see a great big gap in the line between the one you're finishing and the next one!" And he laughed to see the boy flush guiltily.

THEN the engineers decided to shake up yet another operation. Two men put the hooks and chains on the cars on Buster's line: One hooked up the front end of the car, the other the rear, so that it could be swung into the air at the end of the line and floated into the bonderizing booth to be rustproofed. These two men also fitted on the lighter hooks from which the doors were hung for both station wagons and panel trucks. Since their work was heavy (the hooks and chains weighed about twenty pounds apiece) but so unskilled that it could be learned in two minutes by anyone with two hands and a strong back, there was a tremendous turnover on the job. Already Buster had had a crazy Negro who sang at the top of his lungs, an Irishman just in from the old country, several big sad stupid men, and a number of crafty kids who didn't want to do heavy work, or any work at all if they could help it. The ones who quit, quit; from among the others Buster picked out those who seemed to have some sense and set them to work learning metal finishing, which paid fifteen cents an hour more than the crude work they were doing. Always he knew, though, that the hook men were the easiest to replace.

Now the experts decided that the smaller hooks could be installed at the very beginning of the line by the man who gunned the door plates and had been clocked as having time to spare. This left only the big chains and hooks to be attached. It was the engineers' opinion that this could be done by one man instead of two, if he would pick up one hook with each hand and mount the line between two jobs, doing first the back of one car, then the front of the car directly behind it on the line.



They explained it to Buster before the day's siren blew, hitching up their belts beneath their white shirts and surrounding him aggressively, as if to shut off his complaints.

He said stiffly, "Those hooks get heavy."

"We've weighed them. They're well within the—"

"The point is that they get heavier as the day goes along. Especially if you ask a man to climb up and down with one in each hand. They're used to resting them against the stomach. You can't do that if you have to pick up two at a time."

"Let's try it," the little time-and-motion man said with finality. He raised his voice as the starting siren went off. "Where's your hook man?"

"I haven't got any yet. They took them both off to work in the duck pond yesterday. Horton is going to bring me a couple replacements in a little while. Any minute."

They glanced at their stop watches. "We'll be back."

HORTON, the production man, five years younger than Buster but five notches higher because he had an engineering degree and also, Buster was convinced, because he was a Mason like all the big wheels, came hustling up on his wiry bowlegs, towing along two new men, one old, one young. They stood to one side, new toolboxes in their hands, trying to look unconcerned as Horton spoke to Buster.

"Here's your men. You're only supposed to have one on the hooks."

"I know."

"Use the young kid for it. He's stronger."

Buster suppressed his anger. What kind of a moron did Horton take him for?

"Besides," Horton finished, "the old boy's experienced. You won't hardly have to break him in." He lifted his hand abruptly in farewell and took off, humming as he bummed a ride on a passing engineer's bike.

Buster wheeled to examine the two men and discovered that the old boy, puffy and paunchy in his turned-up new dungarees, was staring at him with his head cocked to one side. He looked familiar.

"Say," Buster said tentatively, "don't I—"

"It's Frank, Buster. Frank's the name. I used to metal-finish when you were spot welding, remember? It's been twenty years."

"Well, I'll be damned."

They shook hands. Clasping the older man's soft, tired hand, Buster found himself wondering why a man of his age had come back to work

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on the line after all these years. A little embarrassed, he said, "Welcome back."

"Thanks. I see a lot of faces—"

"Excuse me. The line's starting up, and I've got to get this other fellow going on the hooks. Start filing on the doors with that guy in the railroad cap, will you?" Buster turned to the glum youngster, who looked as though his mother had sent him off to work against his will. "O.K., put your gloves on, fellow, and I'll show you what I want of you."

He was a tall, doughy-faced Italian, with glittering black hair that he wore very long, completely covering the tops of his ears and meeting in back in what Buster had heard described as a ducktail haircut. His complexion was white and bloodless, and the back of his neck above his shirt collar was pitted with deep, black-centered acne scars. Buster was a good Catholic and believed devoutly in not judging his fellow man by background or nationality, but he could not help thinking that this one looked like those neighborhood gang warriors you read about in the magazines; it wouldn't be surprising if he carried a switchblade knife in his pocket.

The boy observed Buster coldly, saying nothing, only muttering and nodding his head when Buster asked if he understood the work. After a few minutes the boy seemed to have caught on and Buster left him. He returned to Frank for a moment, faced with the problem of explaining that it would be impossible to stand around reminiscing about the old days. It was not easy to do this without playing the big shot or needlessly wounding an older man, and Buster found that he was starting to sweat. He told Frank to keep at it, to help him show the youngsters how you could work steady without killing yourself, and he moved on.

The next time he had a chance to look over the line and see how things were going—it must have been an hour later—he saw the Italian boy all the way up the line near the platform, twenty feet past where he should have been working. He was running sweat, and his oiled hair was falling over his ears. As Buster approached, he jerked his head angrily.

"How's it going?" Buster asked.

"I ain't Superman, Mac," the boy snarled, as he flung an iron chain into the rear of a station wagon with a crash.

"You can call me Buster. I'll help you get caught up." Buster half-trotted back to the head-high stack of hooks and chains that sat on a dolly at the middle of the line. Grabbing two, he hurried back to where he had been and hopped up onto the line. Crisscrossing each other, he and the boy had soon worked their way back to the center of the line.

"There you go," Buster said. He glanced down at the figured cotton sport shirt that Agnes had given him for his birthday—it was scored with red primer and dotted at the chest with sweat that had soaked through his undershirt. "Let's try to keep caught up, O.K.?"

"Christ!" the boy said, and loosed a torrent of obscene abuse on the factory and the entire auto industry. "I come in here to make a living, not to kill myself."

If the boy had looked and talked a bit differently, Buster would not only have sympathized with him but would have tried to do something to lighten his load. As it was, he felt that the boy was swearing at him but didn't have the courage to do it directly. In the circumstances it was impossible to explain to the boy that he was being used as a guinea pig.

"Do the best you can," he said coldly. "You're entitled to twelve minutes' rest period before lunch. I'll check with the relief man to make sure you get your break."

"If I live that long," replied the boy.

Buster turned his back on him and sought out the relief man, who was doing Orrin's work.

"When Orrin comes back," he said, "get the new kid that's on the hooks. I don't want him griping that he didn't get his relief."

"When? When? How do I know when?" cried the relief man angrily. "Orrin cut his hand, he went to the hospital. He may be gone an hour. You want me to walk off his jobs here to make that kid happy?"

"Don't talk foolish. Stick with it, I'll see what I can do."

"You better not worry about the kid," the relief man warned as he bent to his work. "Better worry about all the guys that'll be on your neck for their relief if Orrin doesn't get back soon."

What the line needed, of course, was a utility man in addition to a relief man for just such situations, a good all-round man who could be slipped into any vacant slot in case of emergency. But the wheels wouldn't authorize the extra line on the payroll, and they insisted that it was part of Buster's job to train his men to cut down on accidents and minimize emergency situations.

Buster would just as soon have pitched in and given his men their relief himself, but it was against the union contract for a boss to touch a tool. He was uneasily aware that somebody with a grudge might be small enough to turn him in for working, even though he was getting a relief that he would not otherwise have had. Or maybe Leo the union committeeman would come by and cite him for the violation. Leo was looking for an excuse to demand the hiring of a utility man and make himself a big shot for the next election.

Buster decided to circulate among his men.

"We're in a jam," he said. "Orrin's stuck in the hospital and I don't think you're going to get any relief this morning."

"No relief?" one shouted. "With them running forty-five jobs an hour at us? What the hell's going on here? If nobody's going to get his relief, shut the line down for twelve minutes and we'll all take it together."

"Let's be reasonable. You know I can't do anything like that. I'll see that you make it up. Maybe after lunch."

His men were not only working at a hard, steady pace themselves, but whenever they had a chance they lent a hand to a new man, handing him hooks and chains from the pile, sometimes doing a job themselves.

One of them complained bitterly, "That new kid can't keep up doing a two-man job, not with the line going this fast. Not even with our help."

It was true. The boy was sweating furiously, trotting, lifting, cursing steadily. One of the tails of his gaudy shirt had worked up in back and

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hung free over his trousers, which were, Buster now noticed, an old pair of dress pants cut in zoot style, billowing at the thigh and so tight at the cuff that his ankles seemed bound with bicycle clips. These draggy pants, which would have been at home in a candy store or a cheap saloon, not here where men were working hard, infuriated Buster. Still, he knew that he was being unfair, and he stepped back out into the aisle to see if he could spot the two engineers. Once they saw that they had miscalculated, he would be able to ask for another man.

But they were nowhere in sight. Naturally. He swore to himself and hurried back to the boy, who raised his head and yelled, "This isn't work, it's slavery!"

Two of the men on the line looked up and laughed. There was no question about whose side they were on, and it made Buster feel as though in some subtle indefinable way they were betraying him by siding with such a punk.

Nevertheless he grasped one of the elephant-tusk hooks and was preparing to help the boy to catch up once again when he heard his name being called. He looked up and saw Hawks standing fifty feet ahead, one hand hooked in the fancy woven belt which he claimed a lady friend had given him, the other hand waving imperiously for Buster to hurry. Above his brilliant tie of stars, planets, and asteroids whirling dizzily against the white universe of his shirt, his mournful hangdog face was set for unpleasantness.

Another one of those Masons, Buster thought angrily as he stomped toward him. With no preamble the supervisor swung out his ringed hand and rapped it sharply against the taillight hole of a car swaying in the air between him and Buster.

"Let's tighten up a little, what do you say," he said. "See if you can get your boys to understand that we've got to meet competition. Jobs like this one here can't go through."

It was true, there was an unchalked dent down low, below the taillight; but since it had slipped by old Pop's inspection, it was understandable that it should have been missed. Buster looked at the front of the job. It bore Orrin's initials. He put two fingers to his mouth and whistled up the relief man who was doing Orrin's work.

With deliberate slowness the relief man straightened up from his job and slouched forward to meet him. "Listen, Buster," he said flatly, ignoring the supervisor, who did not move but simply turned his back on them, "they're coming fast, and I got a lot of work. Can't your pickup men take care of the little things we miss?"

"This isn't little." Buster pointed to the dent with his cigar. "You ought to know better than to let a job like this go by. You're getting a dime an hour extra for being a relief man. You want to keep on getting that dime, you better do the work right. Come on, clean it up and get back to your place."

The relief man flashed him a look of pure hatred. But he said nothing, instead dropped to one knee, inserted his arm with the file inside the taillight hole, and began to rap rhythmically at the dent. Buster stood watching him for a moment. He could think of nothing to say that would take the sting out of what he had just said, and so at last he turned to Hawks.

"I'm shorthanded today." he said to the supervisor, "and they're trying to make the hooks a one-man job, and—"

"Shorthanded? Didn't they give you two new men? I saw the schedule sheet myself."

"Yes, but one is going to metal-finish. He's too old for the hooks anyway, and the other one is breaking his hump. He just can't keep up."

"I know you like to stick up for your men." Hawks pulled a pendulous earlobe and stared at him sadly. "That's fine. Now try sticking up for me a little. I've got to turn out three hundred fifty units before the night shift comes on. Think about that. Next time you see Horton, give him your complaint."

Thus dismissed, Buster returned to the line, grabbed a hook, and hopped up to give the new boy a hand.

The boy was a mess. He had not put on an apron, and his front was splotched with red primer dust. His face was blotched with red and with hatred and self-pity, and he muttered to himself unceasingly as he strove. My God, Buster thought, a crazy colored singer, a crazy Irish schoolteacher, a dozen assorted morons, and now a teen-age bum.

"Tell you something," he said to the boy as they stood back to back on the moving line, working together. "I know what it is to work. Don't think I don't sympathize with you. I used to work. I worked for sixteen years before they made me a boss. And I had plenty of rough days like you're having now. It's all part of the game."

"Sixteen *years*?" the boy sneered incredulously. "You must have been some quick thinker."

Buster clamped his jaws shut tight. He jumped off the line and lifted up another hook. Panting a little now, he said, "Jobs weren't as easy to come by in those days as they are now. If you made a living you were grateful, and you hung on."

"Times have changed."

"They sure have," Buster said. "But I haven't. I started working when I was fourteen and I worked too long and too hard to forget what it's like. That's why I feel I'm still just one of the boys in spite of the fact that I've been a boss for ten years."

"Who did you get to know after those sixteen years," the boy asked insolently, "or did you just wait for somebody to die off?"

Buster bit hard on his cigar. "You want to get any place in this world," he said coldly, "you better learn to smarten up."

The boy laughed as he flung back his long black hair. "I was *born* smarter," he replied, "than some of the characters around this dump."

Shortly after that, the man gunning the door plates ran out of screws; then an air hose broke and whirled lethally through the air, hissing and twirling madly like a

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crazed snake; one thing followed another, and Buster had no more chance to help the new boy. Once he glanced up and saw that the boy was again so far behind that he was running from one end of the fast-moving line to the other, staggering under the weight of the hooks he carried. The other men, furious at being cheated out of their relief and at the way the boy was being treated, were giving him a hand whenever they could spare a few seconds. Finally Orrin came back from the hospital, and the relief man was freed to give some rest to at least a few of the men.

WHEN the siren blew for lunch, Buster had no appetite. He bought a bowl of stew and a cup of coffee and sat down at his customary place with the foreman from the grinding booth and Halstein, the boss inspector.

The grinding-booth foreman looked at him sympathetically. "Tough day today, Buster?" he asked between gulps of soup.

Buster opened his mouth to tell them and then thought better of it. He crumbled a cracker into the stew and shrugged, "The usual."

Then Halstein, who Buster suspected stood in well with the Masonic clique, started to talk about a three-dimensional kite his boy had built. Buster hardly listened. His eyes were searching for the little time-study man, who slipped in and out of the cafeteria like a ghost. At last Buster spotted him, two minutes before they had to return. He hurried over to him.

"You fellows changed that operation into a one-man deal on my line," he said quickly, "but you never came around to check on it."

"Tied up," the little engineer said tersely.

"Now look, it's just too much for one man. I'm shorthanded as it is. I told you before—"

"We'll get to you this afternoon. Keep your shirt on."

How could Agnes or anyone on the outside know how it was to be caught in the middle between zoot-suiters and college hotshots? Sometimes, he thought, the advantages didn't outweigh the headaches, not at all. He could understand the men who had turned down chances to be made foremen, or who had given up foremen's jobs and returned to production where they were covered by the union and had no such worries, or had transferred to plant protection where all they had to do was wear uniforms and look important. At his desk he lit a fresh cigar, and as the line started to roll once again he busied himself with the attendance sheets that had to be cleaned up. He had been at it for perhaps ten minutes and was just about finished when something, some instinctive feeling that all was not right, made him swivel about and stare.

For a moment everything looked normal. The line was going at a fairly fast clip and his men, their stomachs full, were working hard and steady. Then he realized what was wrong. None of the cars, not one of them, had any hooks on it—and the new boy was nowhere in sight.

HIS HEART hammering, Buster leaped forward and took the nearest man by the arm.

"Where's that hook man? The new one?"

The metal finisher had an odd glint in his eye. "I haven't seen him since lunch."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Then seeing the man's face stiffen, "Never mind. Run down there and tell the relief man to come up here."

Without waiting, Buster grabbed two hooks and hurled them onto the station wagons before which he had been standing. If he didn't get caught up within a very few minutes, the cars reaching the head of the line without hooks wouldn't be able to swing off. They would pile up, and the entire line would have to be stopped. And it was on his neck.

Blindly, cursing the missing boy, Buster flung himself at the hooks and fastened them to the cars, bending over double in his haste. The blood rushed to his head and the vein in his left temple began to pound. He finished two jobs and ran headlong back to the stack of hooks for two more, his key ring falling from his pocket as he ran.

"What's on your mind, Buster?" the relief man asked him coolly.

Without pausing, Buster said over his shoulder, "Take over for me, will you, until I can find that son of a—"

"I'm not going to hang hooks all afternoon. I'm not paid for that. I'm not even supposed to relieve the hook man, and you know it."

"It's not for all day. Just till that guy turns up."

"I doubt that he will. Somebody heard him say he was pulling out."

"*What?*"

"Sorry, Buster." The relief man's small eyes glittered maliciously. "Most of your men got no relief this morning. I can't gyp them out of it this afternoon too just because this kid took off." He sauntered away.

Buster didn't dare to stop to hunt for help. As he passed another of his men kneeling with his file, he cried out, "Where's the new guy?"

And this man too grinned. "I hear he didn't even punch out. Just hit the road."

Trying to keep from growing panicky, Buster clambered stiffly onto the line with the two hooks and tried to consider how he could get word to supervision that he needed help quickly. A glance up and down showed no one in sight. His own men looked as though they could hardly keep their faces straight.

"I wouldn't mind," he said to the man kneeling below him, "if he'd only told me." He tried to keep his voice casual. "It's a free country. Nobody can make you work if you don't want to. But to sneak out without letting anybody know—"

"It just shows you!" the crouching man yelled up at him. "Even a

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crummy job like that, a job nobody wants and any dope can do, you got to treat a man right to do it right or you can't build cars."

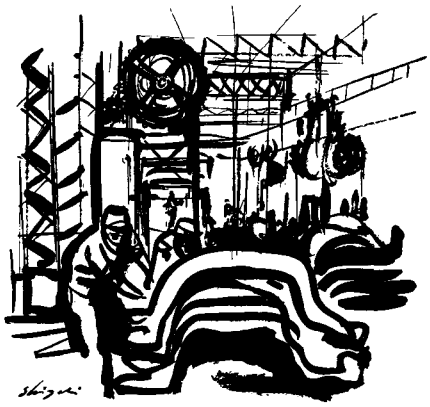
"You're not telling me anything I don't know," Buster cried angrily, as he straightened his back and scrambled off the line. "All I ask is my men play square with me like I try to play square with—"

AT THAT INSTANT a booming crash rang out over all the other noises of the body shop. Everyone looked up at once, bewildered. The crash was followed by a horrible sound of rending metal. Then Buster knew what had happened. He was petrified with the knowledge that more was to follow; his tongue was frozen into silence; but his body continued to move automatically. Yes, it came again, another crash like the first, followed by more rhythmic thuds, until everyone on the line realized what was happening.

The Italian boy had taken his vengeance before running away. He had attached the hooks and chains of his last few jobs lopsidedly, in some cases only fastening one side, so that now, an hour after he had escaped, the cars tilted as they entered the narrow bonderizing booth, and, hanging off balance, crashed back and forth, back and forth, against the sides of the booth, metal smashing against metal as the cars were systematically pounded out of shape.

When the third car had begun to rocket back and forth in the booth, Buster, the sweat streaming down his cheeks, saw Hawks and Horton and two other white-shirted executives from quality control running down the aisle and clambering up the catwalk to the little metal door in the center of the bonderizing booth. Then a battery-powered scooter rolled up and the assistant plant superintendent hopped off, followed by three overalled maintenance men. Now that it was too late the reinforcements had arrived.

Up and down the line his men, looking like strangers, were openly grinning. With every booming thud, every tearing sound, their grins grew wider. They didn't care that hundreds of dollars in time and labor was going down the drain; it amused them. They didn't care that the smashed hulks would have to be hauled out of the booth and dragged to a corner—they were already calculating the overtime they would earn repairing these wrecks. They



didn't care that he was still hanging hooks, with the weight of them starting to stab in his groin, unable to summon help from the bosses, who now had something more important to keep them occupied. They thought he had it coming, and Buster, his heart wrenched in his chest, stared at their grinning faces and wondered how it could be that people who worked together could have so little human feeling. Don't they know I couldn't help it? he asked himself.

"HEY, BUSTER," one of them called out, "some symphony, eh?"

"Laugh," he replied grimly. "We may all get laid off for this."

"Say, Buster—how does it feel to work like a dog? Does it take you back to the old days? The good old days?"

Tossing a heavy hook contemptuously into the rear of a station wagon, he faced them down and said coolly, around his cigar, "I've worked harder, in my time. I never asked one man, never in my life, to do a job I wouldn't do."

The cigar tasted rancid in his gummy mouth, but it was a visible proof that he had not capitulated, that he was simply handling a passing crisis; so he refused to throw it away, or even to take it out of his mouth while he worked. But he could not prevent the sweat from pouring down his body, from forming huge dark telltale moons under the armpits of his sport shirt, from plastering the front of the shirt to his chest, from soaking through his slacks at the base of his spine, from dripping down his forehead onto the rim of his glasses, smudging and steaming the lenses.

He hated to do it, but, half blinded by his own sweat, he had to take off the glasses and stuff them into his shirt pocket. In a way it was worse than giving up the cigar would have been. Without the glasses he felt naked and exposed, and he knew that his face took on a stupid blinking expression when his nearsighted eyes tried to adjust themselves to an uncorrected world.

On one of the passing panel trucks someone had scrawled in huge letters, no doubt with the chalk that he himself had handed out, TOO MANY CHIEFS, NOT ENOUGH INDIANS!

"I bet you'll sleep good tonight, eh Buster?" somebody asked as he hurried off the line to lift up a hook.

"A little hard work never killed anybody," he muttered around his dead cigar. But his groin was tight as a drumhead, and every step counted off every month of his forty-five years.

"Wait till we get the union after you, Buster!" someone called out. He whirled about but could not see who had said it, they all had their heads down. There wasn't one of them would complain to their committeeman, not because they feared reprisals, but because this show was too good to put an end to. Oh, they'd have something to talk about all the way home and even after they got home—how the boss had been humiliated and made to work like a dog.

I'M THROUGH, he said to himself; I'll turn in my time and ask for a transfer; I can make my living without having to take this. Glancing down at the red primer dust that covered him, he could already hear his wife's voice added to all the rest.

"Kind of rough, hey, Buster?" It was Orrin, the only man on the line with a perfect attendance record; the only one who really liked hard work and hard pressure. "They won't hold you responsible. It wasn't your fault that young jerk ducked out."

Buster mumbled a reply. He was unsure whether these first words of sympathy he'd had all day were sincere or whether Orrin, having got-

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ten wind of his possible promotion, was starting to suck around.

Old Frank, who had been doing a great job of making himself inconspicuous, now sidled up to him, encouraged maybe by what Orrin had just said. He cleared his throat and spat into the lead filings.

"Say, listen, Buster," he said gruffly, "can I spell you on that job? I'm not doing too much metal finishing."

"That's all right, Frank. Just stick at what you're doing, I want you to get the feel of it again."

"But I'll tell you the truth, I didn't think I'd get back in here at my age, and I'd like to show my appreciation, so if you'd let me—"

"No, no, that's all right, thanks. You get days like this, and you just have to learn to live with them."

Fortunately at that moment Horton and the quality-control man came over from the bonderizing booth, and Frank had to do a fade-out. They seemed to think the scene was pretty funny, too, and they stood there, grinning, watching him sweat.

"You certainly must have browbeat that kid to make him walk out after four hours," Horton said. "Man, what a slave driver."

"I understand Accounting is going to bill you for the prorated extra labor cost on those banged-up jobs," the quality-control man said.

"Very funny," Buster snarled. "Are you going to get me a man for this job or not?"

The quality-control man turned to Horton. "Didn't you hear them say Buster was going to have to work it off until he'd paid for his sins?"

"All right, all right," Horton said, smiling at his Masonic buddy, then turning to Buster: "Come down off that line, they're getting you a replacement. You look like hell if I may say so, like Before in the Before and After ads."

It was true. Buster stared at himself in the washroom mirror when he had gone in to clean up for a minute, after they'd provided him with another man to finish out the day. He looked like Before, but he felt like After, long After. And what would you do if you threw it over? Who could you tell to go to hell? Yourself? That nameless herd who came and went like stockyard cattle? That clique of Masons who boosted each other and each other's relatives into all the key jobs, and would maybe one day make him an assistant supervisor, or a foreman over the body-shop foreman, just to satisfy the home office crowd that they were bringing up men from the ranks?

When the day was over at last he sat down for a while in the body-shop office and went over with Hawks and several others the series of events that had been so costly to him and to production, but wouldn't even rate a footnote in the history of the corporation. They gave him to understand that it was a closed issue, dead and forgotten, if he would see to it that such things wouldn't happen again.

Weary and pensive, he got in his car and crawled home to the new development where his house stood on an artificially winding blacktop road, in the middle of what had been a potato field two years before. As he coasted into the driveway he caught sight of his wife outside the kitchen door, hanging the laundry on the aluminum and nylon-cord drier that he'd mounted in concrete for her, a temporary expedient which would have to be replaced one day soon by an automatic drier.

She looked pretty, her arms raised against the twilight, her shy lips puckered with clothespins, her skirt whipping free—younger and slimmer than she really was. She waved at him, and he waved back, but he was too tired to talk or to kiss her, and he went directly into the house and drew himself a tub.

Flat on his back with the water

still bubbling at his ankles, he found himself thinking of old Frank. That was probably the most important thing that had happened during the day, his showing up after twenty years, ready and willing to take up a job that wasn't good enough for that teen-age gangster. But when Agnes asked him—as she would—what had happened at the shop, he wasn't going to be able to tell her about Frank. She would say that it was a shame, a man of fifty-six having to start in all over, and of course that was true; she would wonder what had happened after all these years to make him come back to the shop, and that was something to wonder about, it was true; but she would also end by gloating a little and by pointing out the contrast and the fact that Buster might still move up yet another notch or two if his luck held. And that he wasn't ready to say at all.

Because no one could know, there were things you couldn't say and things you shouldn't say, and maybe at that moment when Frank had offered to help out he was in a stronger position than Buster himself—even though it was also true that the very sight of him with his old belly and his new work pants was enough to drive out of Buster's mind any serious thought of giving up his foreman's job.

He sighed, and heard his wife's voice outside the door, above the running water: "Everything all right, Carl?"

"Yes."

"Have a hard day?"

"I had a lousy day."

"What? What did you say?"

He turned up the water and splashed a bit so as not to have to answer, and his wife went on, "We've got to talk about that summer bungalow before Jeanie gets home, because I've got to mail in the deposit tonight. I've been thinking, can you hear me, Carl? It might be worthwhile to invest in one in a better location where there's a better class of boys. I know you've got your heart set on that boat, but maybe if we took the boat money and put it toward the bungalow, it would pay off as far as Jeanie's concerned, and maybe next summer if you get a promotion we can think about that boat again. . ."

He closed his eyes, took his nose by thumb and forefinger, and eased himself under the water. When he came up his wife had stopped talking, and he stepped from the tub, cleaner at least, to prepare himself for dinner and the evening.

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A Brief Exegesis Of Parkinson's Law

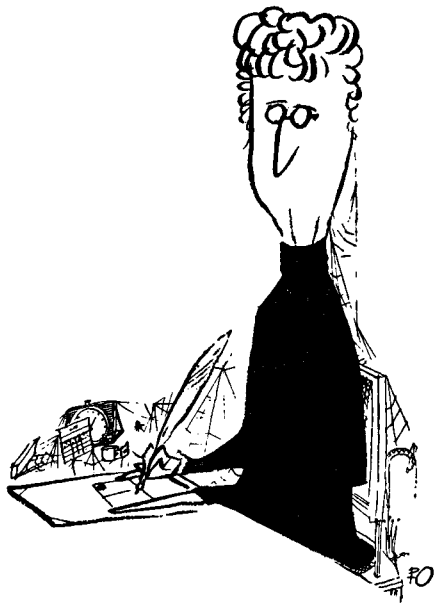
C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.

GENERAL RECOGNITION of this fact is shown in the proverbial phrase "It is the busiest man who has time to spare." Thus, an elderly lady of leisure can spend the entire day in writing and dispatching a post card to her niece at Bognor Regis. An hour will be spent in finding the post card, another in hunting for spectacles, half an hour in a search for the address, an hour and a quarter in composition, and twenty minutes in deciding whether or not to take an umbrella when going to the mailbox in the next street. The total effort that would occupy a busy man for three minutes all told may in this fashion leave another person prostrate after a day of doubt, anxiety, and toil.

Granted that work (and especially paper work) is thus elastic in its demands on time, it is manifest that there need be little or no relationship between the work to be done and the size of the staff to which it may be assigned. A lack of real activity does not, of necessity, result in leisure. A lack of occupation is not necessarily revealed by a manifest idlenesss. The thing to be done swells in importance and complexity in direct ratio with the time to be spent.

THIS FACT is widely recognized, but less attention has been paid to its wider implications, more especially in the field of public administration. Politicians and taxpayers have assumed (with occasional phases of doubt) that a rising total in the number of civil servants must reflect a growing volume of work to be done. Cynics, in questioning this belief, have imagined that the multiplication of officials must have left some of them idle or all of them able to work for shorter hours. But this is a matter in which faith and doubt seem equally misplaced. The fact is that the number of the officials and the quantity of the work are not related to each other at all. The rise in the total of those employed is governed by Parkinson's Law and would be much the same whether the volume of the work were to increase, diminish, or even disappear. The importance of Parkinson's Law



lies in the fact that it is a law of growth based upon an analysis of the factors by which that growth is controlled.

Omitting technicalities (which are numerous), we may distinguish at the outset two motive forces. They can be represented for the present purpose by two almost axiomatic statements: (1) "An official wants to multiply subordinates, not rivals" and (2) "Officials make work for each other."

The Purposeful Pyramid

To comprehend Factor 1, we must picture a civil servant, called A, who finds himself overworked. Whether this overwork is real or imaginary is immaterial, but we should observe, in passing, that A's sensation (or illusion) might easily result from his own decreasing energy, a normal symptom of middle age. For this real or imagined overwork there are, broadly speaking, three possible remedies. He may resign; he may ask to halve the work with a colleague called B; he may demand the assistance of two subordinates, to be called C and D. There is probably no instance, however, in history of A's choosing any but the third alternative. By resignation he would lose his pension rights. By having B appointed, on his own level in the hierarchy, he would merely bring in a rival for promotion to W's vacancy when W (at long last) retires. So A would rather have C and D, junior men, below him. They will add to his consequence; and by dividing the work into two categories, as between C and D, he will have the merit of being the only man who comprehends them both.

It is essential to realize at this point that C and D are, as it were, inseparable. To appoint C alone would have been impossible. Why? Because C, by himself, would divide the work with A and so assume almost the equal status that has been refused in the first instance to B, a status the more emphasized if C is A's only possible successor. Subordinates must thus number two or more, each being thus kept in order by fear of the other's promotion.

When C complains in turn of being overworked (as he certainly will), then A, with the concurrence of C, will advise the appointment of two assistants to help C. But he can then avert internal friction only by advising the appointment of two more assistants to help D, whose position is much the same as C's. With this recruitment of E, F, G, and H, the promotion of A is now practically certain.

SEVEN OFFICIALS are now doing what one did before. This is where Factor 2 comes into operation. For these seven make so much work for each other that all are fully occupied and A is actually working harder than ever. An incoming document may well come before each of them in turn. Official E decides that it falls within the province of F, who

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places a draft reply before C, who amends it drastically before consulting D, who asks G to deal with it. But G goes on leave at this point, handing the file over to H, who drafts a memorandum that is signed by D and returned to C, who revises his draft accordingly and lays the new version before A.

What does A do? He would have every excuse for signing the thing unread, for he has many other matters on his mind. Knowing now that he is to succeed W next year, he has to decide whether C or D should succeed to his own office. He had to agree to G's going on leave even if not yet strictly entitled to it. He is worried whether H should not have gone instead, for reasons of health. H has looked pale recently—partly but not solely because of his domestic troubles. Then there is the business of F's special increment of salary for the period of the conference and E's application for transfer to the Ministry of Pensions. A has heard that D is in love with a married typist and that G and F are no longer on speaking terms—no one seems to know why. So A might be tempted to sign C's draft and have done with it.

But A is a conscientious man. Beset as he is with problems created by his colleagues for themselves and for him—created by the mere fact of these colleagues' existence—he is not the man to shirk his duty. He reads through the draft with care, deletes the fussy paragraphs added by C and H, and restores the thing to the form preferred in the first instance by the able (if quarrelsome) F. He corrects the English—none of these young men can write grammatically—and finally produces the same reply he would have written if officials C to H had never been born.

Far more people have taken far longer to produce the same result. No one has been idle. All have done their best. And it is late in the evening before A finally quits his office and begins the return journey to Ealing. The last of the office lights are being turned off in the gathering dusk that marks the end of another day's administrative toil. Among the last to leave, A reflects with bowed shoulders and a wry smile that late hours, like gray hairs, are among the penalties of success.

Culture with a Sun Tan High in the Rockies

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

AUSTRIA has its mountain seminars, Germany its Bayreuth, Vichy its waters, Edinburgh its summer festival music, but it has remained for an American community to combine the pursuit of high culture and reconditioning at an altitude of almost eight thousand feet. Chamber music and calisthenics, Plato and packhorses, Haydn and hydrotherapy are all to be found among the peaks of Colorado in the revived former mining town of Aspen—the Salzburg of the West.

Many Easterners know of Aspen only as a crack skiers' resort—which it is until late spring. But then brawn gives way to brains and a summertime observance of extraordinary variety and intensity in the high and winey air. It requires a trip to the spot to discover how this has come about and what brings the assorted people here, with their cellos, fishing tackle, books, waistlines, and other impedimenta.

By now, music lovers across the land also know of Aspen as the seat of an annual festival regarded by many as America's best. At the time of my arrival in late June, some forty musicians of prominence were moving into residence to perform together and teach all season, ranging from the composer Darius Milhaud and the singers Jennie Tourel, Mack Harrell, and Phyllis Curtin to such leading instrumentalists as clarinetist Reginald Kell, violinist Roman Totenberg, violist William Primrose, pianist Rosina Lhevinne, and the Juilliard Quartet. With them came a professional orchestra of forty and more than two hundred students, whose instrumentalists were also brigaded into a full orchestra.

Paunch Pummeling and Plato

But music is only one current outcrop of Aspen in its valley of old silver veins up near the timber line. While impecunious students crowd into clapboard dormitories on dusty side streets at a room-and-board rate of $28 a week, across the way at Aspen Meadows, a plush new development complete with executive suites, cocktail bar, Finnish sauna baths, massage cubicles, solarium, and an all-weather swimming pool under a geodesic dome, senior vice-presidents of blue-chip corporations go into residence for two-week "seminars" at a charge of $600 per man (another $250 if wife included as "auditor"). There, under the auspices of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, they gather in barefoot groups of ten to fifteen to perform exercises in sky-blue gym suits and have their middles pummeled by Austrian masseurs, after which they journey over to the modern seminar building for a strenuous session discussing classic philosophers on the basis of prescribed readings with such moderators as the apostle of the "Great Books" curriculum, Dr. Mortimer J. Adler.

The Executives' Program, says the Institute, is designed to expand the American executive's "understanding of his role in our society" and broaden his "understanding of his responsibilities as a leader." The calisthenics aspect of it reflects the fact that "We live in a time of tension, insecurity, and dynamic change. Stress is often a necessary spur to achievement. We should not try to remove stress; we should try to prevent stress from becoming distress." This has given rise to the Institute's Health Center, a gleaming structure of glass and tile designed by an apostle of the German Bauhaus school. On entering one must remove one's shoes as at the threshold of a Moslem sanctuary. The center, says its prospectus, "is planned for the leader who needs a rest and a change, who is tired but not ill." It is run by a noted young cardiologist and mountain sportsman who four years ago led an expedition almost to the top of danger-

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ous K-2 in Tibet, and who keeps a sharp eye out for any visiting executive who may not be able to stand the altitude. In the suite of "recovery rooms" to which the shoeless leaders retire after being pummeled and exposed to Plato lie some of the ultimate restoratives suggested by the management: a record player with albums of classical music, and a complete set of Adler's "Great Books." If the business seminarists are still fresh enough to walk, they can also go over to the huge "amphitheatre" tent designed by Eero Saarinen, and take in a live concert.

YET this does not exhaust the remarkable array that is Aspen in the summer. When I was there, the Institute had also announced a series of lectures for the general public under the title "Great Ideas of Western Man." Jacques Barzun of Columbia, James Reston of the New York *Times,* and the British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Harold Caccia, were on the roster, and the opening lecture was given by Dr. Adler. Meanwhile, the University of Chicago, Adler's former campus, was about to commence a college-credit, summer-session course under the title "Humanities 1: An Introduction to the Arts." And if this were not enough to occupy the little town, over three hundred designers, ranging from architects and city planners to the people who determine the shape of International Business Machines and the height of the tail fins on the new cars, had descended upon it for their Seventh International Design Conference, accompanied by sociologists, foreign guests, and two nuns, to discuss for a week the subject of values in design (human, social, and aesthetic) and enjoy the mountain streams. (There was, it might be said in passing, a good deal of self-criticism about the new tail fins.) Refurbished false-front rooming houses of mining days were jammed alongside the tinny new motels. A community that in its decay barely fifteen years ago had sometimes numbered less than five hundred souls was being hit by an invasion of thousands.

In the American Grain

To be sure, Aspen is by no means alone as a center of pilgrims in quest of culture plus a sun tan. From Nantucket, Provincetown, Shakespeare-reviving Stratford in Connecticut, Bread Loaf in Vermont, Tanglewood in the Berkshires, and Woodstock in the Catskills to Taos, New Mexico, and Carmel-by-the-Sea, resorts and retreats abound to meet this demand, increasing as the time for leisure increases. Some fifty separate "writers' conferences" are taking place this summer at scenic points, many attended not so much by actual writers as by enthusiasts hoping to meet a writer.

These hubs vary widely in age and dignity, yet all could be regarded as direct descendants of a tradition of American summertime cultural get-together that dates back to Chautauqua. This was the movement begun

beside the lake of that name in western New York State in the 1870's, and it soon spread, with its two-week assemblies and speakers ranging from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Mark Twain, practically across the nation. As a participant of the time wrote, "Any man who loves knowledge and his native land must be glad at heart when he visits a summer assembly of Chautauqua: . . . attends the swiftly successive Round Tables upon Milton, Temperance, Geology, the American Constitution, the Relations of Science and Religion, and the Doctrine of Rent; perhaps assists at the Cooking School, the Prayer Meeting, the Concert, and the Gymnastic Drill; or wanders under the trees among the piazzaed cottages, and sees the Hall of Philosophy and the wooden Doric Temple shining on their little eminences."

Aspen, boasting of gleaming international-style houses and the world's longest chair lift instead of "wooden Doric Temples," stems more vividly out of that tradition than any other summer retreat today. Still it remains unique. It is a remote, relatively inaccessible community that had practically no culture of its own to speak of (unless account be taken of the fact that the late Harold Ross, founder-editor of the *New Yorker,* was born there) until a man from the flatland came in a decade ago and bodily implanted it there—a businessman to boot. Aspen's location in the rarefied air, while geographically superb, is such as to make many visitors feel giddy and sopranos sometimes gasp for breath. And the cause to which it was first dedicated was not just any kind of summer culture, but the particularly strenuous concept of culture promulgated at the University of Chicago under President Robert M. Hutchins and his intellectual comrade, Dr. Adler. These men stand as mentors of the community beside its actual patron and begetter, fellow Chicagoan Walter P. Paepcke, board chairman of the Container Corporation of America.

IF you take your place at lunchtime at the tables that surround the lilac-hedged swimming pool of the Hotel Jerome, the social hub of Aspen, you are likely to encounter Mr. Paepcke, one of the most original of American industrialists and benefactors.

You may have become aware of some of his originality even before reaching Aspen, in case you have followed the extraordinary full-page color advertisements his company regularly takes in some of our leading magazines. In these, Container Corporation entirely forgoes mentioning its own products (packaging in every form, from paper to plastics) and instead simply presents series of specially commissioned paintings and drawings, many of them abstract, to which it either adds only its name or appends some classic, philosophic text. Thus one of Container's latest shows a contemporary interpretation of what appears to be a Greek philosopher's head, with one large blue eye seen in profile and the other hovering in mid-space on the white page, over a caption citing a passage from Epicurus on justice.

I had learned that these advertise-

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ments, far from being just an agency man's inspiration, resulted from a policy set by Paepcke himself whereby his corporation was to seek to contribute something to both taste and education. They were in part the product of the imagination of his Austrian-born chief designer, Herbert Bayer, who was schooled at the *avant-garde* German Bauhaus and is now one of his chief lieutenants at Aspen. I also knew that some years back, in 1949, Paepcke had been instrumental in backing and staging at then unknown Aspen a full-dress bicentennial celebration of Goethe's birth, with Dr. Albert Schweitzer as star guest, Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra as chief music makers, a whole galaxy of soloists, writers, and professors as participants, and ex-President Herbert Hoover as honorary chairman. This remarkable enterprise—a high-level tribute to a German giant who certainly had no discernible links with Colorado—had put Aspen on the cultural map, and with it, it was said, Mr. Paepcke.

WALTER PAEPCKE, at a lean sixty-one, gives a striking impression of vigor and dash as he strides in jodhpurs and a sport shirt around the central pool of the community he re-created. Waiters snap to attention—the Hotel Jerome, once a miners' hangout of questionable repute, has now been refurbished as a prestige establishment on lease to one of Paepcke's enterprises in the valley. The board chairman approaches, brisk and aquiline, and then something surprising happens: He stops and bends in Continental fashion to kiss the hand of a lady guest. Paepcke is certainly one of the rare living corporation chiefs in America who do this.

The father of present-day Aspen was born in Chicago of German-American extraction, attained Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, went into the family paper business, and married into the highly cultured family of the late Professor William A. Nitze, one of America's most distinguished teachers in the Romance languages.

On his way to prominence in this environment, an impulse appears to have grown in him to form a kind of bridge between business leadership and the exercise of the liberal arts at their most hallowed. He speaks frequently of "cross-fertilization." The Hutchins régime at the University of Chicago (of which Paepcke is now a trustee), with its somewhat Teutonic emphasis on classical disciplines, great masters, and great books, gave him inspiration. His idea, when at Hutchins's suggestion he staged the Goethe festival, was to go the whole way and combine only the best. His concept at Aspen, he says, is to provide a unique environment for "the whole man" in which cultural immersion and recreation mix, somewhat after the manner of an idealized European spa. Apart from the slightly baronial facets of his bearing, he perhaps stands close to the *Fortune* ideal of the enlightened all-round businessman—an executive as familiar with Toynbee and old violins as with his own factories.

From 'Crud' to Apfelstrudel

All this is a far cry from the bearded prospectors who first opened up Aspen beside Roaring Fork in 1879, fighting Indians, cold, and hunger as they hauled in their mine rigs over the passes by mule pack. The luckiest of them made fortunes overnight—one abandoned shaft down which I was taken yielded $2 million in one year—but when the silver bonanza died, most of them drifted away and left Aspen a town of rotting false fronts and a gaunt, abandoned brick opera house. By 1940, before the skiers and Mr. Paepcke came, it was a stranded relic some two-thirds of whose survivors were on relief, while the barroom of the Hotel Jerome was reduced to being in part a soda stand, its staple drink a concoction appropriately called "crud"—four parts bourbon and one of milk.

Today, however, revived Aspen is a mixture of the brilliant and the improbable such as you can find only in America. "Unter den Aspen," some residents call it, mindful of Paepcke's Germanic links. The airplane is not recommended as a way of getting into it, unless you can safely pilot your own or feel confidence in a charter pilot's skill at setting you down on a narrow airstrip among heights that remain snow-covered through July and cause unpredictable downdrafts. The simpler approach is to board the train that leaves Denver under the fortuitous name of the California Zephyr and then twists, creaks, and bores its way upward through gulches, canyons, and tunnels into a preserve on which man seems even yet to have made only little impression. Once beyond the continental divide, you are beyond the reach of Eastern newspapers and television.

A forty-mile drive past upland ranges, deer licks, and lodgepole pine takes you into Aspen, where you are due for surprises. Old shacks of the 1880's mix with mansions designed by Marcel Breuer, blue jeans with Bermuda shorts and dirndl costumes, upcountry jalopies with Jaguars. Something of the atmosphere of a dude ranch exists (one sign advertises "Good, Gentle Horses"), while down the street there are Bavarian chalets, the Aspenhof announces Apfelstrudel for dinner, and from a loft above a service station you hear the student orchestra lustily blasting away at Brahms.

PAEPCKE, following some Army skiers who had fallen in love with Aspen during their wartime training over in nearby Leadville, had first seen it in 1945 and fallen in love with it too. He first dreamed of it as a retreat for a small group of cultivated friends. Then came the Goethe affair and national attention. Why not develop Aspen into an all-round cultural and recreation center? Good music was one of Walter Paepcke's enthusiasms, and beside him stood Dr. Adler, eager to promote the discussion of Great Books—particularly among businessmen.

So Paepcke poured money into the community—perhaps $750,000 in all—and set up his Institute with trustees who now range from Clarence B. Randall of Inland Steel to Lieutenant General E. R. Quesada and author Thornton Wilder. But the road of the philanthropist is often rugged. Some of the ingrown local ex-miners did not want to be developed by the man from Chicago. He offered free paint to anyone who would do over his house. There were no takers. Captious critics said that the benefactor, while pouring in life-giving cash, had also caused his enterprises to buy up a good part of the

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moribund town, thus enabling them to make large capital gains as land values responded. Even the musicians he had brought in finally had a falling out with their patron and now mount their annual festivals as a co-operative venture entirely on their own. One veteran of the old Aspen remarked to me, looking up into the hills, "As for me, I'm for all Walter has done for this town. But we're still hoping to bring in something more substantial—uranium."

Mens Sana in Corpore Sano

Just what the businessmen who today attend the Institute's two-week executive seminars get out of them, and why they come, is a matter of some debate. My own sampling of their closed sessions was admittedly brief. Dr. Adler, the moderator of the one I attended, told me at the outset that the first week usually produced confusion, and only the second clarification. My own schedule restricted me to the first. What I saw, around an octagonal table in the seminar building, was a group of eight officials of enterprises ranging from International Business Machines to the First National Bank of Chicago seated to discuss given texts in political philosophy with moderator Adler and a panel of "special guests" that included a labor organizer, a professor of religion, and a British diplomat in Washington. All the men had first been given a ten-pound kit of reading material—Aristotle's *Politics,* Book I, Plato's *Crito,* de Tocqueville, J. S. Mill on representative government, and a massive two-volume Chicago University compilation of American historical documents. The participants struck me as rather wilted either by the homework or their exercises at the Health Center or both. At all events Adler, provocatively throwing out questions on liberty and organization raised by de Tocqueville, seemed hard put to get a response. Finally someone brought up the profit motive. "Hold on," interrupted Adler, raising his hand; "that isn't till next week."

On Saturday morning, when the discussion came to the American social philosophy embodied in the Progressive platform of 1912, matters were livelier and two of the participants were on their toes to denounce it. While the others sat silent, Adler and his "special guests" seemed out to explore the intractability of the speakers' ways, and a brisk debate was in the making. But then the session had to be broken off because of a planned outing into the hills. The executives, I was told at the Health Center, must be given a balanced program for body and mind. And although Adler himself stresses mind, the executives of this

session preferred body—and had requested more excursions and even calisthenics at the expense of all this reading and philosophy.

Some business leaders, though, attest that they have gained a great deal from the "brain-cracking" sessions, as Paepcke calls them. "I am still in a very warm glow over my adventure at Aspen," declares steelman Randall; "The discipline involved in facing up to that many keen minds, both to say what you believe and to think out why you believe it, is a very salutary experience."

Some of the designers who attended their own Seventh International Conference at Aspen also said that talking things over in the upcountry had done them a world of good. Attending their sessions and expecting to hear practical discussion of models and exhibits rather than the stream of speakers who talked abstractly from the platform, I was startled to hear one of them, a social psychologist named Dr. Myron Helfgott (director of the "Package Research Conference") deliver such resounding statements about "Values in Design" as "As long as there is the possibility of changing group membership, our culture can tolerate the knowledge of many different value systems."

"What did that mean to you?" I asked the man at my right.

"Not a damned thing—but a get-together like this has a way of lifting us out of our usual selves."

There remains Aspen's music, which provides a lift of another order to a wide assortment of people who feel the need to commune in summer. Three times a week, under the dramatic white tent that can seat two thousand, concerts are held that mix familiar with unusual works played by the resident "Music Associates" in varying combinations. Mountain sunlight streamed through the canvas, and through the open flaps we could gaze at the snow-topped peaks beyond as we listened to the opening concert that featured a spirited Bach partita, a rarely given, haunting song cycle of Gabriel Fauré, and some witty miniatures by Stravinsky. Here perhaps was the truest realization of the possibilities of this place: rousing performances in exhilarating surroundings, with few big words to get in the way. (Perhaps the most rousing performance of all, I was told, occurred when veteran pianist Rosina Lhevinne played Beethoven to the accompaniment of a fierce thunder storm that sent the canvas whacking above her and caused rain to pour around her piano—for which she was given a standing ovation.)

On other evenings, music students and visitors from the motels gather in the 1887 opera house, in which minstrel shows once regaled the miners, and attend "workshops" at which they may hear Darius Milhaud hold forth on the music of Debussy, or the Hungarian-born tenor Leslie Chabay (known locally among the trout-fishing clan, of which he is an ardent member, as "Buck" Chabay) illustrate "German Recitative from Baroque to Mozart."

Patron Paepcke, whom some of the players refer to as "the Aspen Esterhazy," originally brought music to what then was barren ground. Today, however, the Music Associates of Aspen are a self-governing, perennial summer group, and their ground has become extraordinarily fertile. Their success has been based on two ideas: first, create a school if you want independently to support a festival, and second, emphasize the values of playing not alone but together.

As one soloist at Aspen remarked to me, "You know, music is a lonely art when you're off on tour all winter, listening to nobody but your-

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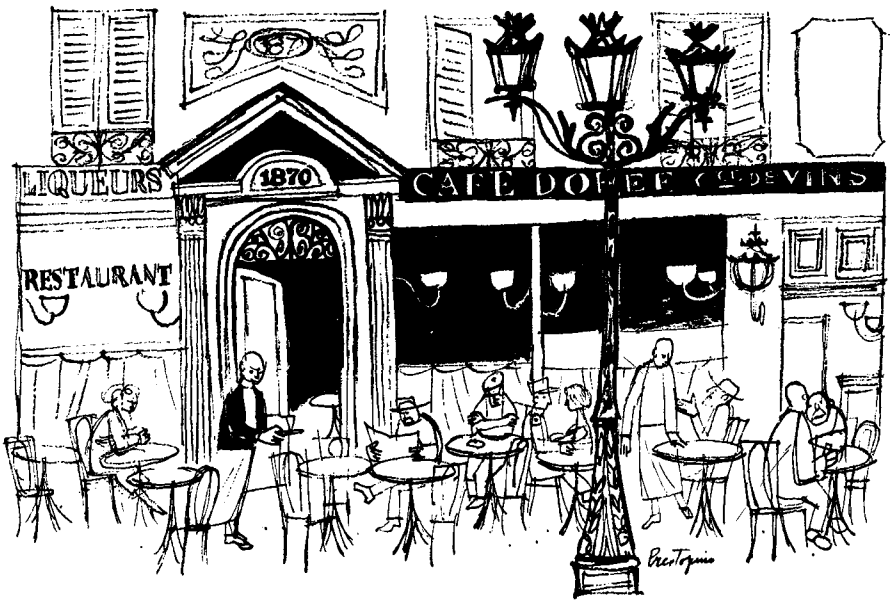
self. Here we have the priceless opportunity of playing with and for each other—as well as for students and people who aren't spoiled."

"It works like this," adds expansive baritone Mack Harrell, the senior member of the co-operative. "Each one of us writes down what he would like to hear the others play—or maybe what he'd like to play with them. Then we have a committee that decides. Of course there are rubs as to who is to perform what and in what position on the program. But we've found our ways of solving that. There's something called the 'Aspen spirit.' It comes over you."

MORTIMER ADLER, in his opening public lecture this season at Aspen on Great Ideas, enunciated the Aristotelian theorem that the purpose of education is to prepare men for the wise use of leisure. I do not know how many fellow Aristotelians there were in his audience. But there were some Aspen townspeople, along with many visitors in outdoor costume. All of them had made use of their leisure time to come. And if they did not all receive from his remarks full clarity as to what to do next, at least there was music to turn to as played with communal relish by this extraordinary mixed company of professionals and students who had been drawn together to the highland.

So the idea of the man from Chicago has taken root and branched. The Music Associates of Aspen now have a $200,000 annual budget, half of it drawn from student fees and a smaller part from gate receipts, leaving a deficit of perhaps $50,000 which local businessmen and visitors together make good. A board of trustees headed by an ardent amateur musician and outdoor enthusiast of executive talent, Courtlandt D. Barnes, Jr., of New York, sees to it that they do, and the head of the local dry-goods store is today the board treasurer who receives contributions from the Aspen Truck Line, the Aspen Lions Club, the Aspen Cleaners, the local filling stations, and Louie's Spirit House.

"We may not have mined uranium yet," says an old-timer, "but it looks to me like music is here to stay."



AT HOME & ABROAD

The Good News From France

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

Visitors to the recent international trade fair here who sampled the special helicopter service to the rival aviation show at Le Bourget airport on the other side of Paris had a rare opportunity to learn something that has too long been obscured by the dismal complications of French politics. Hovering above the glass-and-aluminum fair grounds on the southern rim of the city, I saw spread out at my feet an animated graph of the persistent French business boom which paradoxically coexists with the interlocking economic-political crisis that a few weeks ago started to rock the country. The jostling black ant-specks surrounding the fair buildings—more than four million visitors passed through its gates before it closed—seemed driven by an almost biological passion to consume as they swarmed over the exhibits, from electric locomotives to a plastic shower cubicle that you hook up to the kitchen sink, provided by French and foreign technology. It was easy to understand how the newly acquired French appetite for consumption had helped bring on the crisis by contributing to the $300-million foreign-trade deficit that has been draining away the nation's foreign currency and gold reserves. For a moment it was possible to sympathize with those fundamentalist critics of the French economy who blame most of the nation's troubles on a self-indulgent, incorrigibly individualistic population unwilling to pay the price in industrial discipline and productivity for the modern luxuries it has learned to crave. For a moment, but not for long.

The helicopter followed the Seine around the outer edge of the Bois de Boulogne, out over the plain that stretches from Asnières and ancient Saint-Denis to the heights of Saint-Germain. As we came down over Le Bourget, I saw new large-scale housing projects, in gleaming white concrete with gaily

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colored awnings or balconies, as far as the eye could see. Those houses were evidence of discipline and productivity. All over France there is other and varied evidence.

THIS LONG-DELAYED building boom, which is equally visible around Orly international airport south of the city and elsewhere in the Paris metropolitan area—indeed around most of the larger French cities—has a long way to go before it catches up with the fabulous German reconstruction effort. It has probably a longer way to go before it ends the housing shortage, which is France's gravest social problem. (The fast-climbing production curve is expected to reach the annual rate of three hundred thousand new housing units by the end of this year, but the experts calculate that France must build 320,000 new units a year for thirty years to give the crisis its final, and probably utopian, solution.) Such as it is, France's recent progress on the housing front is enough to demonstrate that despite the recurrent pattern of political and financial crisis, the country is rapidly catching up in what has been perhaps the most backward sector of the national economy.

"We aren't doing anything here like your all-metal construction of mammoth buildings," I was told by G. Stoskopf, the Alsatian architect of a state-financed project to provide two thousand low-priced apartments for workers of the Simca automobile works near Poissy. "But for this sort of project I doubt if American builders work any faster. We started the first of the fourteen-story buildings of the Poissy project in May, 1956. By Christmas fifty-six families were already installed."

Thanks to thoughtful adaptation by Stoskopf of American building techniques, which he has studied at first hand, plus some purely French short cuts that he has worked out with the contractors, the Poissy project is saving money as well as time. Each worker-tenant gets a three-room apartment with central heating, year-round hot water, shower, garbage-disposal chute, balcony, and so on, for the equivalent of about twenty dollars a month. He also gets the use of such American innovations as a community school, a restaurant, plenty of playgrounds and sports fields scattered across the landscaped grounds, a movie theater, a church, and two shopping centers, which M. Stoskopf referred to—ambitiously, I thought—as supermarkets.

'I Don't Believe It'

But some of France's most spectacular technological progress has taken place in aviation, as the Bourget show demonstrated. The sensation of the meet was a futuristic French entry named the Atar, which is a turbojet engine mounted vertically on four spindly legs with the pilot perched on top. While five hundred thousand visitors to the show gaped, the implausible wingless contraption—which some European experts regard as a major technological breakthrough—shot straight up to nearly one thousand feet, went through various maneuvers, and finally stood still on its jet tail while test pilot Auguste Morel gravely saluted the stands. "I saw it, but I don't believe it," one British technician remarked to the correspondent of the London *Times*.

More conventional French aviation achievements exhibited at Bourget included the brilliant new jet airliner, the Caravelle, now demonstrating its qualities in the United States. "My engineers feel that the Caravelle is the perfect jet plane for

relatively short hops," commented Kenneth Friedkin, president of the Pacific Southwest Airlines, as he ordered three of them. The remarkable French showing at Le Bourget was not based only on research and craftsmanship. A number of the best French models are coming off mass-production assembly lines in sufficient volume to place France fourth among aircraft-producing nations.

FRENCH progress in the electronics field, military and civilian, is almost equally striking. France is able to sell television and radar systems in such technologically sophisticated markets as the Swiss, Swedish, and Dutch. It is building an electronics factory for India. It has developed an improved automatic weather station which Australia has bought to equip its Antarctic expedition for the geophysical year; later the station, after suitable adaptation, will be set up permanently in Australia's central desert.

French-devised electronic control devices have converted the Chantereine glassworks, founded near Compiègne in 1665, into a showplace of industrial automation: Sand and other raw materials are unloaded from freight cars or off canal barges, moved to storage bins, transferred at the right time in the right amounts to mixing vats, and finally poured into the furnaces—all automatically. At the request of the French Navy, the Laboratoire Central de Télécommunications has recently perfected Europe's first fully electronic automatic telephone exchange, which has no mechanical moving parts. The large Printemps department store in Paris, which last year lost $220,000 to shoplifters, has now installed an electronic detective force of six TV cameras monitored from a central office.

A new French electronic telescope is said to be the most powerful and technologically advanced in the world. A short-range guided anti-tank missile, now standard equipment in the French Army, helped the Israelis defeat the Egyptians, and in the opinion of some military experts may render tank warfare—at least in its present form—wholly obsolete. French-developed guidance systems for other air-to-air and ground-to-ground missiles are reputedly in advance of any comparable NATO devices.

Reporting on a trip around France last April by a party of American businessmen and journalists, Miss Vada Horsch, assistant secretary of the National Association of Manufacturers, summed up the group's general impression in an

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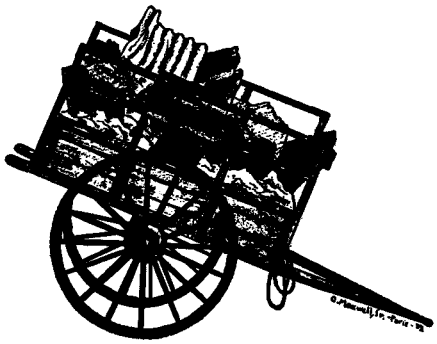
American Club luncheon speech here when she said: "We gained new respect for French engineering, French techniques, and French know-how."



"It is high time that citizens of the United States quit discounting France; that country is strengthening its economic sinews by the hour," wrote another member of the group, Nate White, business and financial editor of the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Items from a Notebook

Even a correspondent living in France and trying to keep abreast of French economic affairs runs into some surprises when he embarks on a systematic survey of recent developments in the field. The following entries from my notebook supply some typical examples of economic progress or outstanding industrial achievements in France that I had not realized before:

ITEM: France is the first European country, after the U.S.S.R. and Britain, with a functioning atomic-energy program—five small piles in operation, three piles of 40,000 kilowatts or better, one of which has been completed. It is a world leader in thorium production (mainly from Madagascar) and uranium output.

ITEM: French nationalized railroads produce the world's fastest locomotive and run the world's fastest scheduled train: the Mistral, average speed 75 miles per hour.

ITEM: France has the world's largest radio telescope, a series of antennae 0.9 mile long to measure the radiation of the stars, at Nançais; the highest cable lift, at Chamonix; the most modern freight yards (handling 4,750 freight cars a day), at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, outside Paris; the foremost hydraulic laboratories—the NEYRPIC center—near Grenoble.

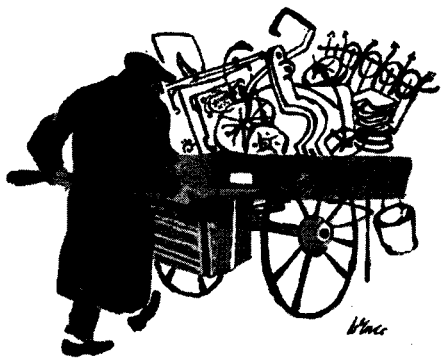
ITEM: The French steel industry in alliance with French engineering has been called in to lay the foundations for national steel industries in Peru and Colombia—where it put up the world's highest steel mill, to launch major expansion of plant facilities in Brazil and Mexico, to produce a textile factory for Iraq, an oil refinery for Finland, a sulphuric-acid plant for Turkey, giant tankers for the U.S., radio stations for Israel, Spain, and Yugoslavia, and an electrified railroad system for the whole of Portugal.

ITEM: The nationalized modern coal industry has developed a revolutionary process for converting low-grade coal into coke and leads Europe—including Germany—in productivity.

ITEM: French-developed techniques for making prestressed concrete have enabled France to complete recently such notable engineering achievements as the suspension bridge over the lower Seine near Tancarville, the longest on the continent of Europe, and the great inland waterway linked to the Rhine, the Canal d'Alsace, which is wider than the Suez Canal. These same techniques are being used under the guidance of French engineering consultants on major public works all over the world, including the new bridge over Louisiana's Lake Pontchartrain.

THESE ARE not isolated examples. Stimulated by the Marshall Plan and urged on by the state, by the powerful Confédération Nationale du Patronat Français (the French N.A.M.), by the dynamic Jeunes Patrons (an organization of young industrialists), by specialized industrial organizations like the National Steel Chamber, by the Confédération Générale de Cadres (executive personnel), and by a few of the more enlightened labor leaders, French industry has generally plunged into the modern industrial age with an enthusiasm that even five years ago would have seemed almost unbelievable. Plant modernization and productivity in the narrowest technical sense have received the major emphasis so far, but there is also a powerful trend toward expansion, toward concentration at the regional or industry level, and toward rationalization of supply and marketing, with an ever-increasing degree of co-operation among formerly dog-eat-dog industrial feudalists. The parallel development of agricultural and consumers' co-operatives, the latter of which last year sold to members some $291,750,000 worth of goods through 7,062 regional co-ops, seems further to belie the legend of incorrigible French individualism.

The establishment of the Coal and Steel Community under the direction of Jean Monnet has already stimulated the modernization of the French coal and steel industries. The prospect of a European common market is inciting numerous



large firms, like the Renault and Simca automobile works, to step up their modernization and to launch major expansion programs to be ready to meet the new competition and exploit the new opportunities that lowering European customs barriers will create.

The Productivity Crusade

The steel, light-metals, chemical, and electronic industries are in the vanguard of progress, along with such nationalized or partly nationalized industries or concerns as coal, the railroads, gas and electricity, oil, the Renault automobile works, aviation and airlines (Air France), but the impact of the productivity crusade is evident throughout almost the whole industrial field. Before the war the efficiency of French industry, as measured in output per employee, used to improve at the rate of about 1.5 per cent annually. In 1954 the rate had jumped to 5.5 per cent. This represented a sort of technological boom; even in the

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U.S. in recent years productivity has increased by only about three per cent a year. But 1954 was only a starter for France. Next year the increase was six per cent, by the end of 1956 experts estimate that it was close to the seven per cent mark, and the French National Institute of Statistics has announced that in May of this year, industrial production was eight per cent above that of the previous May, a new record and more than double the American rate of industrial improvement. During the eighteen-month period that ended last summer, France showed the highest increase in output per employee of any country in Europe.

"A sort of myth has been widespread in industrial circles in the United States that French industry is not very capable of entering into mass production or of competing with other countries in this field," noted former Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon a few days before his return to Washington last February. "What I have seen here has shown me that this is, and was, nothing but a myth. French industry can produce just as well and just as cheaply as any other country."

"IMMOBILISM" has long since ceased to be the dominant feature of the French economic system. Year by year, the gap between France and the other great industrial nations is closing. This has drawbacks as well as advantages: For the expatriate from the twentieth century, France is no longer the haven of *douceur de vivre* that it was before the war.

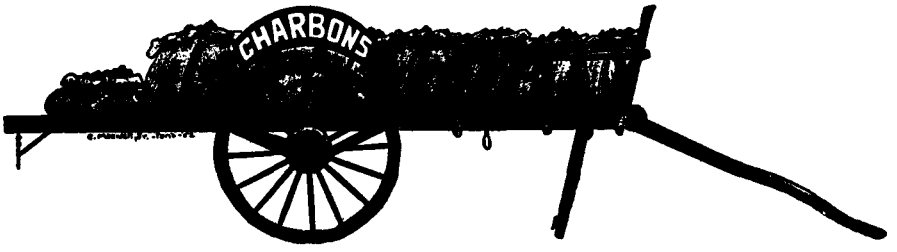
But for the underprivileged worker, for the struggling young technician, it is beginning to look again like a nation with a future. Since 1954 French factories have been increasing their output at the average rate of some ten per cent a year. Agricultural production is expanding less rapidly, but in 1955 it was twenty per cent above the prewar average. Despite two climatically disastrous years, it has since continued to progress. (The average wheat yield per acre for the whole country is approximately sixty per cent above the U.S. average.) As a result the national income, now the third highest in Europe, is steadily rising, and real wages, despite inflation, have climbed steeply.

French official statisticians claim that real wages have increased close to twenty-five per cent in the last few years, and jumped 5.2 per cent last year. This may be optimistic, but a recent authoritative study by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe agreed that "real wages seem to have increased more since 1953 than in the other countries of Western Europe." (Buying power is of course seriously threatened by the present financial crisis, but this is probably a temporary setback.) Though on the low side compared with several other western nations, French wages are bolstered by an efficient social-service benefit system that adds forty-two per cent to employers' payrolls; by the longest annual paid vacations in the world, except for Scandinavia—eighteen days, plus Sundays; and by various other fringe benefits, especially in nationalized industries.

Counterbalancing these "self-indulgent" features of the French economy, public and private investments in future industrial expansion last year increased 9.5 per cent over the previous year and have been running in recent years at around six and a half billion dollars annually—eighteen per cent of the 1956 gross national product. It is significant that a substantial percentage of the national income and energy has been plowed back into huge-scale, long-range development projects that create new sources of wealth. One of these projects recently completed was the construction of Europe's highest dam at Tignes, which, with its related hydroelectric systems, will hold in reserve half the stockable energy available in the whole Alpine range. Near Saint-Malo, on the Channel coast, work is in progress on one of the world's first hydroelectric plants to harness the power of the ocean tides; eventually it will be able to generate eight hundred million kilowatt-hours per year.

Another grandiose French development scheme, on the scale of TVA, has been responsible for the miles of fencing and the seemingly limitless deserts of mud that in the last few years have hid the Rhone from tourists driving down the valley. Behind the fencing the Donzère Canal, the longest diversion canal in the world, and related works are being constructed. This is only one out of some twenty dams and other major projects to convert the unruly Rhone into a producer of electricity, an irrigator of neighboring farmlands, and a navigable waterway from Geneva to the Mediterranean; the Donzère complex is one of the engineering marvels of the modern world. Below Donzère in the marshy delta area of the Camargue, a huge drainage project has converted the salt marshes, once famous for their herds of wild cattle and horses, into rice fields which already supply a third of France's consumption. A gigantic five-year development plan will stretch a network of irrigation and drainage canals from the mouth of the Rhone to the Pyrenees, reclaiming or improving two hundred thousand acres for food production.

THE SUBTERRANEAN bonanza in oil and natural gas that the French have recently uncovered in the barren heart of the Sahara was not sheer luck but the reward of years of costly prospecting in the world's greatest, grimmest desert. Less dramatic but no less dogged efforts in metropolitan France had already



begun to tap formerly unsuspected petroleum reserves of substantial volume under the pine flats of the southwest coast, the wooded ridges of the Jura, the orchards and meadows of Normandy, and even the outskirts of the Paris region. In 1949, near the little village of Lacq in the foothills of the Pyrenees, government oilmen drilling to tap a me-

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dium-size petroleum field hit a reservoir of high-calorie natural gas that eventually turned out, according to conservative estimates, to hold some 150 billion cubic yards—enough to meet a sizable portion of France's growing energy needs for the next thirty years.

Officials of the Monnet Plan for lifting France by its technological bootstraps realized that this find would revolutionize the nation's industrial equilibrium and immediately began to block out a system of pipelines—ultimately due to stretch as far as Paris—that would make possible the rapid industrialization of some of France's poorest areas. It was only this spring that gas finally began to hiss through the first feeders to the kitchen ranges and factory furnaces of Bordeaux. The French had to invent a new steel formula for casting pipes able to resist the corrosion of the sulphur in the Lacq gas. This led to a huge, costly plant for desulphating the gas itself—which is rapidly making France one of the world's major producers of sulphur.

Similar illustrations of economic and even administrative virility abound in France today, both in the wide nationalized sector of industry and in private business. (Nationalized management in France is fully as enterprising as free enterprise, but less profit-minded, and therefore sometimes inclined to be wasteful.) The implication is reenforced by the continued high birth rate—now 19.4 per thousand and claimed by some enthusiastic statisticians to be rising more steadily than any in Europe—which in 1955 accounted for 802,000 births, bringing the French population to the all-time high of nearly forty-four million.

The Debit Side

There are, of course, plenty of items on the debit side of the French ledger. They help account for the treasury and foreign-exchange crises that confront the nation with the grim dilemma of recession-producing austerity or runaway inflation, either one fatal to the European common-market program—on the scheduled eve of ratifying the treaties, the government had to set up import quotas for all goods—and either one leading inevitably to social turmoil and political upheaval.

There are the surviving pockets of economic backwardness, particularly in agriculture. There is the chronically unsound French fiscal system. There is the overevaluation of the franc in relation to other leading currencies. There are the accumulated policy mistakes of the past few years. There is the loss of American offshore procurement contracts, and the excessive caution of the Eisenhower administration in bailing out an ally who from the long-term viewpoint is a thoroughly sound credit risk. There is the difficulty, never frankly faced by the recent weak governments, of reconciling economic expansion and social progress with the prosecution of the war in Algeria, which absorbs over a billion dollars of the annual budget and competes with civilian industry for imported raw materials.

There is the less excusable failure of the executive to tackle the foreign-trade deficit, which has been

building up for two years, before it got out of hand. And underlying all the errors and failures is the breakdown of the political reforms, many of them basically unsound to start with, enacted by the idealistic fathers of the Fourth Republic.

OTHER FACTORS contributing to the present crisis, however, stem from the very effort of expansion and modernization that France has been making in recent years. An expanding industrial plant needs energy above all things; and despite France's enormous strides in discovering and exploiting new sources of energy, it has not been able to keep pace with the rapidly growing domestic needs of domestic production. Last year, coal and petroleum imports accounted for more than sixty per cent of the foreign-trade deficit. There is some real truth in the quip a French friend made to me recently: "As far as I can make out, the trouble with France is that we can't afford so much prosperity."

An especially significant illustration of this basic paradox is the recession in certain sectors of the national economy that in recent years has gone hand in hand with the boom in others. Despite rising farm productivity, seven farmers, on the average, go out of business every forty-eight hours. They are mostly undercapitalized peasants exploiting submarginal land. A similar trend is apparent among artisans, small inefficient local industries, and above all among the six out of ten small shopkeepers with a turnover under $300 a month—last year there were still nearly a million of them left.

The disappearance of these inefficient units of production and distribution is an essential phase of the modernization of France's economy. Understandably, these people are not happy about. it. Less understandably, French big business, big bureaucracy, and big politics—the Socialists are probably the worst offenders—have displayed an almost Bolshevik callousness about the process and make little effort to ease the human suffering caused by it.

A Crisis of Growth

In the absence of the cushioning elements which they could between them provide, the present politico-economic turmoil here is perhaps inevitable and represents that price France is having to pay for modernizing too fast as well as too unevenly. The European common market, if it is finally ratified and put into effect, will intensify it, stimulating expansion of the modern sectors of the national economy, penalizing more heavily than ever the backward ones. The crisis is an extremely grave one, but it is not a crisis of decay. It is a crisis of growth.

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New Line-up In the Kremlin

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE SHOWDOWN between Khrushchev and his opponents that led to the expulsion of Molotov, Kaganovich, and Malenkov from the Central Committee developed out of a situation in which Khrushchev was threatened with nothing less than the loss of power. In the weeks preceding the crisis he clearly found himself in a minority at meetings of the Presidium, where he was outvoted on major issues of policy.

Of the eleven members of the Presidium at least six regularly cast their votes against him—Molotov, Kaganovich, Malenkov, Pervukhin, Saburov, and Suslov. Voroshilov vacillated, and even Bulganin's attitude was uncertain. The majority of the Presidium appeared to be on the point of deposing Khrushchev from his post as the party's First Secretary. This compelled Khrushchev to appeal against the Presidium to the Central Committee, as, according to the party statutes, he was entitled to do.

The opponents of Khrushchev were not a uniform group. Ever since Stalin's death the alignment within the Presidium had been fluid. Yet some points about it have been quite unmistakable. Molotov and Kaganovich had been the official leaders of the Stalinist die-hards, and had fought a prolonged and stubborn rear-guard battle against all the reformist changes in Soviet policy, domestic and foreign.

Malenkov represented at first a different attitude. He favored a pro-consumer line in economic policy and a relaxation of tension in foreign policy; but he was opposed to drastic de-Stalinization and probably also to decentralization of industrial management. Shepilov differed in foreign policy from both Molotov and Khrushchev, but he was opposed to Malenkov on economic policy. Pervukhin, Saburov, and Suslov backed the Stalinists, the first two especially over the organization of industry. As the struggle went on, the various groups, despite their different viewpoints, became more and more united in opposition to Khrushchev.

Battle on Three Fronts

After the Hungarian rising last October the Stalinist die-hards were in an aggressive mood and confident that they could regain power. It was only by a very slight majority, consisting of one or two votes, that Khrushchev had been permitted to make his "secret" speech about Stalin in February, 1956, and his position within the Presidium was even weaker when he initiated the overhaul of the entire Soviet industry last May. In early summer the conflict was brought to a head over three major issues:

¶ The industrial bureaucracy of Moscow and a section of the party machine were in revolt against Khrushchev's decentralization of economic management. Molotov, Kaganovich, Pervukhin, Saburov, and probably Malenkov too led this revolt. Many of the big industrial managers who were supposed to leave the ministries in Moscow in order to take up posts on the newly formed provincial economic councils delayed their departure from the capital in the hope that Molotov and Kaganovich might return to power and cancel Khrushchev's reform.

¶ The next great controversy concerned Moscow's attitude toward Mao Tse-tung, especially after the publication of Mao's "hundred flowers" speech, with its strongly anti-bureaucratic accents, its encouragement of greater freedom of expression, and its liberal attitude even toward workers' strikes. All this was dynamite for Russia. The Stalinists refused to swallow Mao's speech; and they adopted toward him an attitude so hostile that if it had become official it would have led to a momentous breach between the Soviet Union and China.

¶ Finally, Molotov and his associates were strongly critical of Khrushchev's proposals, made in his televised interview with the Columbia Broadcasting System, for a withdrawal of American and Soviet troops from Europe, and they evidently took the view that he was inclined to go too far in making concessions on disarmament and in accepting western suggestions on inspection in the event of a suspension of atomic tests.

It was in near panic that the Central Committee met on June 22. Men of the Molotov-Kaganovich faction had been canvassing influential party members, talking about Khrushchev's "treason," hinting at his forthcoming dismissal, and inciting the heads of Moscow's industrial trusts to resist his trust-busting operation.

However, at the Central Committee, the membership of which is much younger than that of the Presidium, the anti-Stalinist elements have been stronger than on the Presidium. Khrushchev counted on their support, and his calculation was correct.

Yet Khrushchev's claim that the Central Committee has backed him unanimously may be dismissed as sheer fantasy. The Central Committee, too, is divided, and anti-Khrushchev factions are represented on it in strength. What determined the outcome of the session and the apparent meekness of the Central Committee was the attitude of the military elements, especially Marshal Zhukov's personal intervention. For some time past Marshal Zhukov had been a virtual umpire vis-à-vis the opposed factions; and he now threw his decisive weight behind Khrushchev. Whatever various groups at the Central Committee may have felt about it, none dared to defy the army.

HOW STRONG, then, has Khrushchev emerged from the contest? The new Presidium, its membership enlarged from eleven to fifteen, is by no means uniformly pro-Khrushchev. Khrushchev's own group consists of seven or eight members, not enough to give him a stable

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and comfortable majority. The Stalinist die-hards, among whom Shvernik and Suslov must be counted, have retained a few seats, and they are likely to enjoy from time to time Voroshilov's support. Mikoyan maintains an independent attitude that is not without reserve toward Khrushchev. So does Bulganin. Marshal Zhukov is a newcomer to the Presidium, but from the moment of his appearance there he seems cast for the arbiter's role.

Having eliminated his most influential opponents of the Stalinist old guard, Khrushchev cannot relish his dependence on the army. He has therefore made a determined attempt to bolster up his own position by an appeal to the country. He has denounced Molotov and Kaganovich for what they are: "narrow-minded and conservative" Stalinists seeking to obstruct the country's progress; and, at first with a somewhat trembling hand, he has tarred Malenkov and Shepilov with the identical brush.

At the same time he himself has come forward as advocate of further de-Stalinization and "democratization," as champion of the people against the bureaucracy, as well-wisher of the peasants (to whom he promises further and substantial economic relief), as fighter for the rights of the non-Russian nationalities, and, last but not least, as the man who stands for a conciliatory foreign policy that would allow the Soviet Union to ease the burden of armaments and enable it to take care at last of its standard of living.

Is Khrushchev a Stalin?

Is this Khrushchev's bid for personal power? Is he emerging as Stalin's real autocratic successor?

There are indubitable parallels between Khrushchev's present showdown with his opponents and Stalin's struggle with his rivals in the 1920's. The expulsions from the Central Committee, the threat suspended over Molotov, Kaganovich, and Malenkov of a final expulsion from the party, the denial to them of an opportunity to state their case, the tarring of all of them with the same brush, and the barely veiled exile of Malenkov to Ust-Kamenogorst, not far from Alma-Ata, where Trotsky was exiled in 1928—all this tells a familiar tale and seems to point to a familiar end, to purges and the extermination of rivals.

On the other hand Khrushchev's drive against his opponents has not so far been marked by the degree of vehemence and the unscrupulous slander that were characteristic of Stalin's campaigns against Trotsky, Zinoviev, Rykov, and Bukharin. Nor has Khrushchev so far been given a personal build-up comparable in any way to that given to Stalin, even at the very early stages of his struggle for power.

More important, however, than these similarities and dissimilarities between Khrushchev's and Stalin's methods is the vast difference in the background. Stalin in his struggle for power relied on the political police; he was more or less independent of the army. But since 1953 the backbone of the political police has been broken, and Khrushchev can hardly re-create it. Nor is the Soviet Union of today in a mood to go once again through the holocaust of bloody purges, mass deportations, and mass terror. If Khrushchev were to try such purges, as he well may, the outcome is sure to be different from what it was in the Stalin era. He would provoke either a popular revolt or the army's intervention; in neither case would he stand the slightest chance of emerging as dictator.

Moreover, Stalin suppressed oppositions that sought to preserve some freedom in Soviet society. Khrushchev fights against an opposition that stands in the main for the preservation of totalitarian practices. It is he who speaks of the necessity to enlarge the area of freedom. In doing so he stimulates new energies and a new political ferment in Soviet society that will not allow him to build up his personal dictatorship even if he wished to do so. Pressures from China, Hungary, Poland, and Yugoslavia are working in the same direction. Public opinion in the Soviet Union is growing and becoming a force to be reckoned with; it has received the changes in the Presidium as a signal for a further and deeper break with the Stalin era. De-Stalinization has thus received fresh impetus, and is likely to develop at a stormy pace within the Soviet Union and in other Communist countries.

The repercussions should gradually be felt in foreign policy as well. Khrushchev has told Russia and the world that all these years the Soviet government has been hampered in its striving for "peaceful coexistence" by internal obstruction on the part of its former foreign minister and his friends. The Soviet government has now freed itself of that obstruction, and Khrushchev has to prove to Russia and the world that he means what he says. He may be expected to take up as his major theme his proposals for an American and Soviet withdrawal from all European countries.

The Charges Could Boomerang

Immediately after the expulsion of Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich from the Central Committee, Khrushchev went to Leningrad to explain there in person the motives for the expulsion. To all the accusations contained in the Central Committee's announcement he added new and significant charges directed exclusively against Malenkov. Malenkov, he stated, was responsible for staging the so-called Leningrad Affair in 1949 and also for the execution in 1951 of Voznesensky, a member of the Politburo and chief of the State Planning Commission. These charges have brought a new element into the political situation in the Soviet Union.

It is difficult to say whether, or to what extent, Khrushchev's new allegations are based on facts. The bloody tangle of the Leningrad Affair, with its secret purges and its counterpurges, can hardly be unraveled by anyone who does not have access to the archives of the Soviet political police. As to Malenkov's alleged responsibility for Voznesensky's fate, Khrushchev's latest version conflicts with an earlier account he has given to eastern European Communists.

In that earlier version he related that Malenkov, Bulganin, and he himself had jointly tried to save Voznesensky's life. On the very day Voznesensky was executed, without knowing that the man was already dead, they interceded with Stalin,

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pleading that Voznesensky was innocent. Stalin received them coldly and replied: "Voznesensky was an enemy of the people and a foreign agent. He was executed this morning. Do you want to tell me that you, too, all three of you, are enemies of the people?" Evidently one of Khrushchev's own accounts of Malenkov's role in this matter must be false.

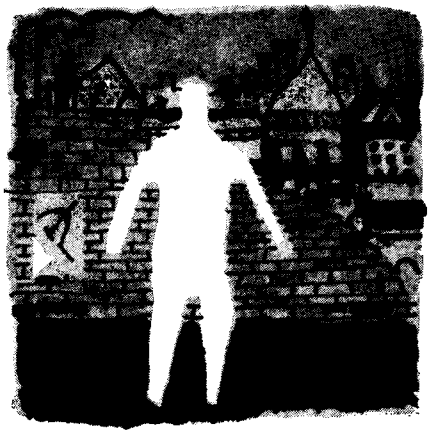
Out to Get Malenkov

Whichever is the false version, what has induced Khrushchev to level against Malenkov this additional accusation about which the communiqué of the Central Committee was silent? Why did he single out Malenkov rather than Molotov and Kaganovich as the special target for attack?

Both Molotov and Kaganovich were involved in a long series of purges throughout the Stalin era. Molotov was the Soviet premier during the great purge trials of the 1930's, and so on a strictly constitutional view he may be held to bear the chief responsibility for the judicial murders of those years. Why, then, does Khrushchev spare Molotov and Kaganovich the kind of accusation with which he has chosen to charge Malenkov?

Evidently the charges against Malenkov contained in the Central Committee's announcement have not been enough to convince the Soviet people and to justify his expulsion in their eyes. The politically conscious section of the Soviet public can readily accept as true all that is now said against Molotov and Kaganovich. It has known them as foremost Stalinist leaders, second only to Stalin, since the 1920's. It has watched them since Stalin's death and has guessed from their taciturn and reserved behavior what their real attitude toward de-Stalinization must have been; and it finds only too plausible the accusation that they have obstructed the new reformist trend of Soviet policy. There is, indeed, nothing in the charges raised against Molotov and Kaganovich that savors of crude invention or slander. Ordinary Soviet people probably rejoice over their fall as they rejoiced over Beria's fall; they see in it a promise of better times.

This, however, could not have been the country's first reaction to Malenkov's disgrace. Until quite recently, Malenkov owed his popularity—which by all accounts was great—to the fact that he was the man who initiated the era of reform on the very day of Stalin's death. It was primarily with his name that the process of de-Stalinization had been associated up to the time of the Twentieth Congress in February, 1956. It was he who tried to give Soviet economic policy a new bias in favor of the consumer and who was therefore attacked and overthrown by those who held that heavy industry must continue to have absolute priority. It was Malenkov, also, who initiated the *détente* in foreign affairs and insist-



ed that atomic warfare threatened mankind as a whole with destruction (and not merely capitalism, as Molotov and Khrushchev have argued).

In short, the Soviet public, rightly or wrongly, saw Malenkov as the antagonist of the Stalinist old guard. It must therefore have received with utter incredulity the claim that he had been a Stalinist die-hard plotting with Molotov and Kaganovich.

Khrushchev thus found himself compelled to try and prove to the country that Malenkov was not in fact the kind of man that the country had taken him to be. He had to make a special effort to destroy Malenkov's popularity. There is no surer way of destroying a man's popularity in Russia today than to expose his association with any of the blood purges of the Stalin era. So Khrushchev has unearthed the victims of the Leningrad purge and has laid them and Voznesensky's corpse at Malenkov's door. In so doing he may have succeeded in achieving his purpose.

But Khrushchev has probably achieved more than he intended. He meant to defeat his rivals and to deprive them of all influence, but not to stage a purge in the old Stalinist style. Now, however, the logic of his actions drives him to do precisely this. He cannot lay the corpses of Voznesensky and others at Malenkov's door without staging a trial with Malenkov in the dock. He cannot easily put Malenkov in the dock without placing Molotov and Kaganovich by Malenkov's side. Nor can he put Molotov on trial without going over Molotov's record, including the chapter of the great purges.

Khrushchev has his own good reasons for shrinking from this course of action. He has set out to destroy Stalin's old guard; yet he himself is one of it. In all the charges he is making against Molotov, Kaganovich, and Malenkov, there is hardly a single one that could not be turned against him as well. They, he says, have obstructed de-Stalinization. But has he not done the same? Has he not just told us, "We are all Stalinists"?

They, he claims, have obstructed the *détente* in international affairs. But can the same charge not be made against him on the ground of some of his more militant pronouncements on foreign policy?

They, he asserts, have stood in the way of an improvement of the standard of living of the Soviet people. But has he not been the foremost champion of the school of thought that holds that "heavy industry must come first"?

Their hands are stained with the blood of innocent party members; but are Khrushchev's hands immaculate?

Of course they are not. He could not otherwise have reached the top of the Stalinist hierarchy and survived there. In his "secret" speech at the Twentieth Congress he related the grim circumstances under which Kossior, the Stalinist "boss" of the Ukraine, had been purged in the 1930's. What he did not say was that he himself took Kossior's

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place at the head of the Ukrainian organization. In the Soviet Union, however, people in their forties remember this, and they know that he could not have taken Kossior's place if he had not enjoyed Stalin's complete confidence and if he had not been one of the most zealous purgers. There are presumably still enough men alive, in the Ukraine and in Moscow, who have been victims of Khrushchev's purges and who would readily give evidence against him on this count.

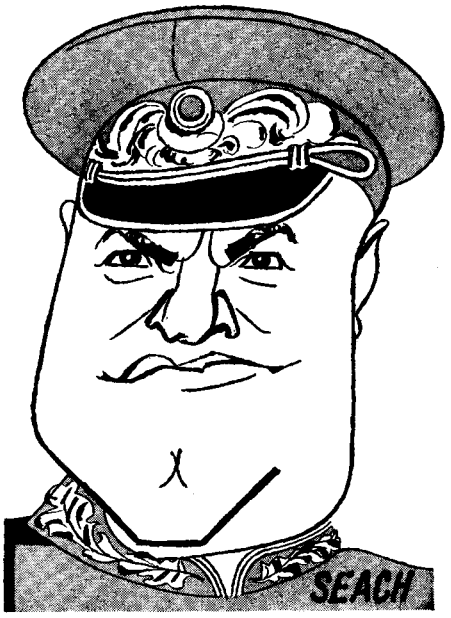
It was, therefore, a most risky undertaking for Khrushchev to raise the issue of his erstwhile colleagues' responsibility for the purges, and until July he refused to raise it. Now the departure has been made and he cannot know where this may lead him. His plan may be that Malenkov (or Malenkov, Molotov, and Kaganovich) should be tried *in camera*, as Beria was tried, in order to avoid exposing the skeletons in the closets of the old guard. But in Beria's case, it was easy to justify the secrecy of the trial on grounds of state security; it will be more difficult to do so in Malenkov's case. And so, with Malenkov's removal to a place eighteen hundred miles from Moscow, the issue has been shelved for the time being. But for how long?

IT IS ENOUGH to state the implications of Khrushchev's latest move to realize into what a turmoil the Soviet leadership is plunging. The Stalinist old guard is no longer in a position to exercise power; its chief destroyer comes from its own midst. At the same time, however, the country is paying the ultimate penalty of totalitarianism: While the Stalinist ruling group is disintegrating, no coherent opposition group exists that would be able to come forward and form an alternative government. Khrushchev's ascendancy may well be short-lived.

A repetition of Stalinist purges amid the present intense and widespread revulsion against Stalinism can only convulse the country and stir up popular revolt. But any early popular revolt is likely to be leaderless and therefore to be doomed. There are still the dark horses around Khrushchev: Marshal Zhukov on the one hand and on the other the younger men who have been brought up by the Stalinist old guard but have not belonged to it and who have now taken their places in the new Presidium and in the Central Committee. It is from these dark horses that the political initiative is likely to come during the next few years.

Zhukov's 'Great Speech'

As a matter of fact, Zhukov waited only a few days to make a major and independent political move during Khrushchev's and Bulganin's absence from Russia. On July 15,



Zhukov

just before the two eminent travelers concluded their tour of Czechoslovakia, the Marshal delivered what *Pravda* calls a "great speech" to the workers of the Leningrad "Bolshevik" factory. *Pravda* has printed only a summary of the speech, clearly indicating that its most important part is not, or is not yet, fit for publication. The Marshal has thus made a "secret speech" of his own; and even *Pravda's* scanty and embarrassed summary suggests that it may be not less important than Khrushchev's "secret speech." Khrushchev at the Twentieth Congress exposed Stalin with shattering effect; Zhukov has exposed Stalin's old guard—of which Khrushchev, after all, was a member—and the effect may be not less shattering.

Ostensibly, the Marshal launched his attack only against Molotov, Kaganovich, Malenkov, and Shepilov. But he conducted it in a manner very different from Khrushchev's. The great and startling novelty of Zhukov's Leningrad speech was that he took what may be described as the strictly constitutional view.

In effect, Zhukov demanded that the entire record of the Stalin era be brought to light; and, without waiting, he himself went on to divulge parts of the record about which Khrushchev, the Presidium, and the Central Committee have so far kept silent. Zhukov said that Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Molotov resisted stubbornly any action designed to unmask and to bring to book those guilty of the lawlessness of the Stalin era, because "they feared their own responsibility . . . for transgressing their own prerogatives and for their own lawless acts." "Then," *Pravda* relates, "Zhukov listed the cases in which . . . Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Molotov violated the law." This was certainly the crux of Zhukov's speech, but *Pravda* significantly did not reproduce the full text.

If the Marshal's words mean anything, then he has raised the demand that all those implicated in the judicial murders of the entire Stalin era be brought to trial. It is significant that he chose a vast public meeting and not a closed party conference as the forum from which to voice this demand. He was obviously out to force Khrushchev's hand and to make it very difficult for Khrushchev to avoid a public trial of Stalin's old guard.

IN OTHER RESPECTS, too, the Leningrad meeting was more than an ordinary event. It was a dramatic opening of what looks like Zhukov's bid for leadership, a test of his popularity in the country.

The victor of Berlin combined caution with boldness. He made a flattering remark about Khrushchev, giving him full credit for the slogan about "catching up with the American production of meat and milk"; but he gave Khrushchev credit for nothing else. The acclaim with which the Leningraders greeted the Marshal strongly overshadowed the

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reception they had given Khrushchev some days earlier. Zhukov was given a more tumultuous greeting than any other Soviet leader since Stalin's death, and the hurrahs repeatedly broke into his speech. He addressed the crowd in a personal tone that is most unusual—indeed, almost forbidden—in the Soviet Union. He spoke of himself as one who had come from the working class. He reminded the Leningraders that he had been in charge of the defenses of their city in those dark and heroic days of the autumn of 1941 when they had fought German tanks in the suburbs, and that it was he again who had commanded those later operations that broke the German blockade of Leningrad. As he recalled his part in this glorious epic, the other members of the Presidium, including Khrushchev himself, may well have looked like pygmies by comparison.

The Travelers Return

Khrushchev and Bulganin must now deal with the consequences of this event, which has demonstrated to them the instability of the present situation in the Soviet Union. Khrushchev could not have been entirely unaware of this instability, and may have had urgent reasons for going to Czechoslovakia so soon after the grave domestic upheaval. He feared a Stalinist "revolt" in Czechoslovakia—a Hungary in reverse—or at least a protest of the Czech leaders against the expulsion of Molotov and Kaganovich.

Czechoslovakia is still ruled by an unrepentant Stalinist old guard that has not even undergone any reshuffling, by the same men who staged the trials of Slansky and Clementis and who have hitherto been closely connected with Molotov. There can be no love lost between them and the new leadership in Moscow. If Khrushchev had some ground to distrust them, they had reason to fear that he might seek to undermine their authority.

But Khrushchev could not risk a conflict with the Czech Stalinists just now. The influence of the Stalinist die-hards in Moscow is not yet negligible, even though it has been rapidly declining. A Stalinist "revolt" in Czechoslovakia might have strengthened the Russian Stalinists and weakened Khrushchev's position. Consequently he went to Prague to strike a bargain with the Molotovites there. This accounted for his apparently contradictory behavior in Czechoslovakia, where he spoke at times as if he had been Molotov's mouthpiece—making scathing remarks about Tito and taking a "tough" line vis-à-vis the western powers—and committed thereby precisely those offenses for which Molotov has just been censured and punished.

In Moscow Khrushchev has been eager to point out the gulf that separates him from Molotov, but in Prague he was anxious to ingratiate himself with the Molotovites in order to forestall an open break with them. A bargain was struck: Khrushchev promised to do nothing to carry de-Stalinization into Czechoslovakia, and the Czechs accepted the expulsion and denunciation of their former patrons in Moscow.

THE EVENTS in Leningrad and in Czechoslovakia are, of course, not unconnected. They illustrate the contradictory pressures to which the present Soviet leadership is exposed.

Khrushchev and Bulganin have emerged from the rather pro-Stalinist climate of Prague only to face what looks like the beginning of a new anti-Stalinist gale at home.

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The Senate Debate On Civil Rights

DOUGLASS CATER

IN RECENT TIMES the proceedings on the floor of the U.S. Senate have been enlivened all too rarely by spirited, serious debate. Regulars in the Senate gallery grow accustomed to the disappointment expressed by most visitors who come to watch "the world's greatest deliberative body" in action. With the committee system more and more accepted as an offstage substitute for the legislative process, argument on the floor usually reduces itself to no more than a time-consuming device for filling the *Congressional Record,* with little or no intent to persuade anybody of anything.

This was the expectation as the civil-rights bill was called up for consideration—a "great debate" that would display precious little greatness, a "historic clash" in which emotions, not ideas, would engage each other. Reporters, armed with their weary metaphors, grimly awaited another ordeal of senatorial "deliberation."

What actually happened came as a refreshing surprise. Suddenly the Senate seemed to come alive and the dialogue took on unexpected vigor and clarity. For one of the few times in this reporter's memory, senators actually listened to each other. In various parts of the chamber, little seminars gathered around the speaker of the moment, abandoning both rules and protocol in their preoccupation with discussion. Even the nonsensical custom that relegates freshmen senators to the silent back rows was temporarily forgotten as newcomers like Jacob Javits of New York and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania joined the debate with real force and brilliance. For the Southerners, another comparative newcomer, Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, was a chief contender, softening their traditional tone of defiance with a distinctive gentleness and wit. As the debate surged back and forth, reporters witnessed the rare spectacle of senators seriously attempting to make up their minds.

The civil-rights debate may not turn out to have been, in Minority Leader William Knowland's plagiaristic expression, "the Senate's fin-

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est hour." But it certainly shows what high standards of deliberation the Senate can set when it tries.

By-passing Eastland

The quality of the debate was raised, not lowered, by the senators' urgent decision to by-pass their Judiciary Committee, chaired by the intransigent James O. Eastland of Mississippi, and place the House bill directly on the Senate calendar. Some had predicted woeful calamity as a result of this reckless break with tradition. Instead, it seemed to make both sides doubly conscious of the need to develop their cases cogently. The arguments had a quality of freshness they usually lack when the analysis of legislation has been formally embodied in a committee report and the floor debate is largely left to the committee protagonists.

There were other advantages. The press often buries arguments made during committee hearings and then, congenitally allergic to yesterday's news, ignores them when they are brought up during floor debate. This time, having been challenged by Senator Richard Russell of Georgia to provide a fair accounting, even the wire services devoted an unusual amount of space to the substance of the debate.

FOUR MEN share the major credit for the tone of the civil-rights debate. One, of course, was Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who showed more outward concern for the manners of the Senate than for the matter of the bill. Tugged by conflicting loyalties, Johnson would have preferred to avoid the whole controversy but, failing that, he wanted to get it over with. Two days before the debate began, his ambitions as a compromiser were considered hopeless. Two weeks later it was apparent that even if his efforts had not added to his party's glory, at least they had reduced fratricidal bloodshed.

His technique was the familiar admixture of domination and subservience. He was all over the place, cornering colleagues and talking incessantly. With one lanky arm draped over a senator's shoulder, his head alternately thrown back and then thrust up close to his victim's as he rammed home his points, Johnson appeared to work a kind of hypnosis. He dazed those whom he could not convince. His persistent theme was that the Senate should do its job in a calm and orderly fashion. He insisted that his sole aim was to be fair to everyone. For himself, he would vote for an amended version, which was after all a new departure for a senator from Texas.

For the Northern Democrats, there were certain satisfactions in the Texan's activities. "Lyndon's been riding Jim Eastland pretty hard," one of them explained to me. "He told Eastland to get off the Senate floor and stay in the cloakroom, that he was an albatross around the party's neck." Whether or not it happened, the important thing was that the Northerners *believed* that Johnson was restraining Eastland, and as a *quid pro quo* they cheerfully admitted that they were making special efforts to restrain their more zealous colleagues.

Incongruous Assembled

Johnson may have set the style of the debate, but it was Minority Leader William Knowland who bore primary responsibility for the fact that it took place at all. Knowland's interest in civil rights has undergone a surprising metamorphosis. Last year, during the dying days of the Eighty-fourth Congress, Senator Clifford Case, Republican of New Jersey, sought vainly for assurance from him that the civil-rights bill would not be shoved under the rug once again this session. Knowland would give no guarantees. But this year, after his decision to leave the Senate and, it is rumored, shoot for the White House via the California governor's mansion, his passion for civil rights has increased dramatically.

It was symptomatic of a new era in Senate politics. For the first time during the decade-old struggle, the conservative Republicans broke clear of their tacit alliance with the Southern Democrats. The quickly formed Knowland-Douglas entente was in temporary command, and Johnson publicly passed the reins to the intractable, sometimes inept, but always determined minority leader. According to those who sat in on the inner strategy sessions, Knowland handled this responsibility with passing skill.

The role of Vice-President Richard Nixon was less obtrusive but scarcely less important. During the opening hassle last January over Rule 22, governing cloture of debate, his ruling from the chair was generally overlooked because the senators promptly voted to go ahead under their old rules. Actually, Nixon's decision, that "the Senate should not be bound by any provision in those previous rules which denies the membership of the Senate to exercise its constitutional right to make its own rules," did grave structural damage to the very foundations of Rule 22.

Beyond that, a suspicion grew up among some Southern senators that Nixon was eager to vie with Knowland for any political advantages to be gained from civil rights. Just how and whether he could get into the fight they were not certain. But their very uncertainty, as Rowland Evans, Jr., congressional correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*, pointed out, contributed to their uncertainty about the wisdom or effectiveness of a filibuster.

Russell's Realism

One school of thought holds that the "infinite sadness" voiced by Senator Richard Russell at the outset of the debate proceeded from a purely physical assessment of his battalions. He had been forced to the conclusion that, measured solely in

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decibels of lung power, they lacked the capacity to mount a full-fledged filibuster. Russell, Olin Johnston, and other stalwarts are growing old. Some Southerners, like Kefauver and Gore of Tennessee, could not be counted among the faithful. There was even the mournful rumor that Russell's junior colleague, Herman Talmadge, as yet untested in Senate debate, was once completely tuckered out after a mere four-hour oration when he was governor.

Perhaps no one will ever know what went into Russell's calculations. Perhaps he shared with most other senators a pervasive feeling that this time, after all these many years, a civil-rights law was going to be passed. "This is the first time I have talked about civil rights on the Senate floor," Hubert Humphrey told me, "that some of my colleagues didn't look at me like I was a two-headed calf." The change had a sobering effect on all sides.

WHATEVER his motivations, the role Russell elected to play was the most effective he could have chosen. It brought out hidden resources of talent in this ascetic bachelor senator from Georgia. "Russell," one opponent remarked, "is a shrewd politician, a skillful parliamentarian, and a resourceful constitutional lawyer. But he is above all a first-rate dramatist."

There was high drama in Russell's protestation to the Senate a week before the scheduled debate that this legislation was a "devil's broth" containing sweeping powers to "punish the South." In harsh and eloquent language, he developed his theme of cunning misrepresentation on the part of the drafters intended to conceal the bill's true intent—forced commingling of the races, if necessary at the point of a bayonet. His outcry brought unexpected returns when both the President and the New York *Times* confessed that there were aspects of the bill that had somehow escaped their attention.

Certainly Russell's case was overdrawn. The fact that Section 3 of the bill had been linked to an old Reconstruction civil-rights statute which in turn was linked to another one authorizing the employment of the militia was one of those unfortunate flukes that cause nightmares for legislative draftsmen. The President certainly has adequate enforcement powers without calling on this misbegotten statute of a bygone era.

But there was merit in Russell's contention that Attorney General

Russell

Brownell had consistently de-emphasized the sweeping nature of the injunctive power being sought while he pulled out all stops in stressing the "moderate" features of the bill. Though Brownell claimed he was asking for a "less harsh" alternative to criminal prosecution, it was also one less hedged about with traditional safeguards. A surprising number of congressmen who had sat through the committee hearings came away with the impression that the bill was exclusively concerned with the right to vote. The suspicion arose that an Attorney General capable of such deviousness in peddling his legislation might also lack judgment in its enforcement.

AMID THE FANFARE over Russell's allegations, little note was made of the fact that he had set up his defenses after a considerable retreat. He bitterly disputed the whole of Section 3, which would have authorized the Attorney General to seek injunctive relief to force school desegregation. But in discussing Section 4 he failed to challenge use of the injunction in vote cases, claiming only that contempt cases arising from its use should be accorded jury trial. For Sections 1 and 2, which respectively set up a Civil Rights Commission and a new Assistant Attorney General, he had only minor amendments, which Knowland readily accepted.

Nobody expected Russell or his followers to vote for the final bill no matter how severely it might be amended. But it was significant that the very nature of his tactical opposition reduced the likelihood of last-ditch resistance from the Southern senators.

Equally significant was the spirit of moderation expressed by non-Southerners of both parties. It would be difficult to sustain the charges made by some commentators that the attitudes of Democrats like Clinton Anderson and Joseph O'Mahoney and Republicans like George Aiken and Leverett Saltonstall smacked of cynical "compromise." These men expressed a general mood of caution among the senators that was even shared privately by some of the more vocal members of the civil-rights group. Many agreed with Saltonstall when he said, "Let us not in our desire to promote the civil rights of an individual take other steps that may in the long run remove rights, privileges, and responsibilities that he now has."

It was this sort of caution that led to the virtual elimination of Section 3, narrowing the bill's enforcement authority to the all-important right to vote. It likewise brought forth the spate of amendments seeking to set limits for the district judges who would be the chief enforcement agents. The effort to draw a sensible dividing line between jury and non-jury trials for violators became the major focus of the debate, and produced some of the most carefully weighed arguments in jurisprudence that have been heard in the Senate for many a year.

Legislative Lethargy

As Congress nears the end of its third consecutive session under the control of the opposition party, the problems raised by a continuing

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system of split government are still unsolved. Who, for example, supplies the motive power to ensure legislation when the Administration itself seems disinclined to employ its full resources and the opposition leaders, no matter how facile, lack the capability?

There has been a note of pathos in Lyndon Johnson's eager defense of the meager record this Congress has made so far. He has been obliged to resort to the purely numerical listing of measures passed, the picayune along with the pertinent. "I don't claim all these bills are important to everybody," he told James Reston of the New York *Times* a while back, "but they are important to somebody."

The mere lumping together of public and private bills, however, cannot explain away the fact that nothing has so far been done about so vital a measure as school aid, which both parties claimed was imperative last fall. Nor does it account for the fate of the other vital measures that are locked up in one committee or another. Many of the

committee chairmen have become as arrogant, if not as candid, as Eastland, who boasted to a Mississippi audience that he was carrying the civil-rights bill around sewed up in his pocket.

In the absence of the necessary push from the White House, Congress must devise ways of its own to overcome its legislative lethargy. The committee system presided over by party patriarchs, it has been pointed out, is embedded neither in Holy Writ nor the Constitution.

THE EXPERIENCE of the civil-rights debate has been highly instructive in this regard. The contest has been played out in an open arena, the arguments made to a national audience, and with little opportunity for the easy connivances of the committee room. If nothing else, it has demonstrated the value of letting "the world's greatest deliberative body" actually do some deliberating.

MANPOWER AND BRAINPOWER

ERIC SEVAREID

Secretary of Defense Wilson has ordered a flat cut of one hundred thousand men in the armed forces of this country. The Army, which must absorb half the cut, will let several thousand officers and enlisted men leave, refrain from calling up several thousand reservists now waiting to be called, and will cut the draft. The Army is now the only one of the three services using the draft, and the cut may be as deep as one-half, meaning only some five thousand recruits to be drafted per month. As the draft-age population grows and the draft calls shrink, an ever smaller proportion of American eighteen-year-olds are tapped. The hand of fate and their government falls upon them by pure hazard, and the odds in favor—if that is the proper term—of each individual boy grow rapidly greater. Short of an international crisis, some authorities foresee elimination of the draft entirely before too long.

But all this does not mean that the armed services have no manpower problem. They have, in fact, an incredibly difficult problem. It is not the problem of getting enough bodies but the problem of getting—and then keeping—enough brains. When the Army starts thinning its ranks in keeping with the new Wilson order, most of the enlisted men it will let go will not be men released as a reward for merit but men released because of *lack* of merit. They will start with men in Category Four—those with the bare minimum of intelligence accepted by the service.

All three services are caught in a vise. One jaw is the plenitude of good jobs in private life for the intelligent and the educated. The other jaw is the rapidly increasing technical complexity of weapons and machinery used by all three services in this electonic, supersonic, and atomic period of military history. This means that the service need for intelligent, trainable young men becomes more pressing every year. So while the need grows greater, the means of satisfying the need grow smaller. This is the road to national insecurity. Without guaranteed flow, and retention, of the competent young men, the whole apparatus of complicated weaponry on which our defense now rests could become history's most prodigious white elephant.

The rate of turnover of technically trained men and their trainers is extremely high; this means the financial cost is extremely high. How does the country stop this ceaseless wastage? The most serious attempt to find the solution is represented by what is known as the Cordiner Report. Mr. Ralph J. Cordiner, president of the General Electric Company, directed a long investigation, culminating in a recommendation that the armed services begin to break away from their classic system of payments by rank, a system fundamentally unchanged since we borrowed it from the British Navy in 1812.

Mr. Cordiner would have us pay our servicemen, in many categories, according to individual skill and usefulness, not merely according to rank—a move in the direction of the private-enterprise incentive system—in order to get more superior men and in order to keep them. Most of these recommendations have been put aside by the Pentagon, the Budget Bureau playing a large role with its claim this might trigger general pay increases and add to the inflation. The Cordiner group, on the other hand, believes three hundred million spent now for selective increases would set in motion a five-billion-dollar savings by 1960.

The fight is by no means over. The Air Force, in particular, is pushing for the change, partly because it foresees the gradual end of the flight-pay incentive as missiles replace aircraft. Bills for the change-over plan are pending in both houses of Congress, and Senate hearings may start this fall.

Other free countries have the same manpower and brainpower problem. Canada has already gone to the flexible system and ordered a twenty per cent pay raise for its servicemen with special skills. Canada, too, has to keep a modern defense force, as well as to raise one.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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George M. Humphrey Had a Great Fall

SIDNEY HYMAN

DURING Mr. Eisenhower's first term, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey was often called "the strong man" of the administration—the source of the "Yes" or "No" by which the President would decide many crucial questions whether foreign or domestic. This role, it has been explained, was prearranged. Mr. Humphrey agreed to a place in the Cabinet only on condition that he would be heard in any matter bearing a dollar sign—which meant almost everything.

In the early years, Mr. Humphrey's Republican friends could be expected to embroider the legends about the good use to which he put his power as the President's favorite privy councilor. After all, as the first Republican Secretary of the Treasury in twenty years he held the Cabinet position that had most concerned them while the Democrats were in power. And it was all too natural for them to exalt Mr. Humphrey's reputation outside the Cabinet in order to enlarge his influence within it. Yet the striking fact was that even the professional Democrats spoke well of him. He was "an A-1 executive," "intelligent," "sincere," and above all a man "who knows exactly where *he* stands and lets *you* know it."

Of course—so the Democrats would conclude—"We've got to be against Humphrey." Politics, you know. But he was still "the one bright spot in the administration."

Over the years Mr. Humphrey's personal qualities seemed as solid as ever. He remained very much a town-and-country man—urbane, wryly humorous, muscular, masterful. The effect, in composite, had a "Here I am and here I stand" aura of great appeal.

An Erratic Course

But if this was the man, the Secretary of the Treasury, representing a sum total of legal powers and responsibilities, was something else again. Here the passing years unveiled a Cabinet official with a marked tendency to zigzag.

ITEM: In his view, the people who "shook confidence"—the "prophets of gloom and doom"—were guilty of original sin. Yet, somehow it was not the sin of "shaking confidence" but a great public service when he himself spoke about "a depression that will curl your hair."

ITEM: There was a time when he was eloquent with proof that the 1953-1954 recession didn't exist: All talk about it was "just politics." Yet later on he led the chorus of

praise for his having cured something whose presence he had previously denied.

ITEM: He often talked about the "mess in Washington" and about the need to halt the "policy of drift." Yet he himself committed a breach of executive discipline, responsibility, and loyalty almost without precedent for an incumbent Secretary of the Treasury: His invitation to the Congress to make war on the President's budget made *him* the precipitating agent for that great mess and that windstorm drift known as the Battle of the Budget.

ITEM: The motto he brought from Cleveland in January, 1953, was "Never complain, never explain." Yet every ray of sunshine was due to sound management, and when the rains came, it was all because of "the natural laws of supply and demand in the market."

Given the central role he has been playing—"When George talks, we all listen," said President Eisenhower in a springtime burst of enthusiasm for the team—Mr. Humphrey's retirement to private life is an event of great importance. In the turn of events, its importance has been doubly underscored by the nature of his two last acts as Secretary of the Treasury.

TO STATE THEM in the reverse order, his last act (July 22-24) involved him in a $23.9-billion refinancing of the Federal debt—one of the largest operations of the kind on record. But more important, the interest rates offered by the Treasury in the refinancing are not only higher than those on the securities they replace; the new rates—3⅝ per cent on a four-month certificate, four per cent on a one-year certificate, and four per cent on a four-year note that can be redeemed in two—are the highest the government has offered since the bank holiday of 1933.

For reasons that need not be detailed, it will be some time before the results of the operation can be judged accurately. It is enough to say here that success or failure will depend on the response of banks and nonbank corporations that now hold the major share of about $9 billion in maturing securities; more particularly, it will depend on whether they demand cash or accept the new securities in trade, and whether they prefer the short-term or the long-term issues.

YET THESE details, when determined, will have far-reaching significance. Is the Treasury itself by conscious intent the architect of the higher interest rates it has to pay for money? Or in setting its rates is it merely "following the market"? Is

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the higher interest-rate cost to the government of a "tight money" policy more than offset by the checkmate such a policy gives to inflationary pressures? Or has such a policy served only to inflate what needs curbing while deflating what needs buoying up?

On the assumption that there is inflation, is it a nation-wide situation in which demand for goods and services exceeds the available supply—including the supply of money? Or is the inflation an arbitrary one, limited to industries that are in a position to outbid anyone else for money or to fix their own prices? And with respect to these price increases, are they, in the case of basic industries, due to wage increases extorted by entrenched union labor without regard to labor productivity? Or are the wage increases being used by the industries as a propaganda device by which labor is blamed for industry price increases unrelated in motive to any labor factors?

The Valedictory

As these questions give form and focus to the controversy over the Treasury's $23.9-billion refinancing, they also give form and focus to the second of Mr. Humphrey's parting acts—second in the order here but first in the order of actual occurrence.

This was his testimony as the first witness in the Senate Finance Committee's investigation of the "financial condition of the United States." (The investigation was begun on June 18 and was suspended on July 13 so that the next scheduled witness, Under Secretary of the Treasury W. Randolph Burgess, the technical manager of the public debt, could give his undivided attention to the $23.9-billion refinancing operation.)

Mr. Humphrey's fourteen-day testimony was meant to be wide-ranging, for this was his valedictory as the embodiment of General Eisenhower's 1952 campaign promise "to bring into government the best kind of business management that the business brains of the country can provide." Yet it was even more than that. It was the inventory of the legacy he leaves to Robert B. Anderson, his successor as head of the Treasury. It was his parting gift to the polemical cause of the Republican Party in the impending 1958 congressional elections. And as things turned out, it was also a painful and sorry revelation—even for his one-time Wall Street admirers.

He began bravely enough. "The record of our accomplishments in the past four years . . . is a record of a prospering America with new high levels of employment, rising income, and increasing purchasing power." It is also a record of "increased leisure . . . unequaled investment . . . the growth of the supply of goods . . . the return to free markets . . ." and to "individual freedom of choice." Behold! "We first reduced and then entirely eliminated planned deficits . . . balanced the budget . . . reduced Federal expenditures . . . reduced the public debt . . . reduced the floating debt . . . shifted some of the debt away from the banks . . . created a more favorable climate for enterprise."

Then the questioners began to zero in. To be sure, he stood up to them as an intelligent millionaire should: quick in doing sums in his head, quick to detect a misplaced decimal point, self-depreciating in small details, ready to exchange half-humorous sallies, always reasonable—up to a point. Up to the point where the dialectic through which he had been led plainly pointed to a conclusion the opposite of the one he wanted to hold or felt he had to hold. At that point, he retreated into a half-muttered "I've dealt with that question before," or "You are asking some rather technical questions here which I think should be answered by the technicians rather than myself."

The supreme example of this came early in the hearing. Senator Robert Kerr (D., Oklahoma) had asked Secretary Humphrey the key question: To what did he attribute the inflationary rise in prices that the Secretary himself had admitted? (The current rise stands at 4.6 per cent above the level a year ago.)

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"The reason these inflationary pressures are upon us now," said Mr. Humphrey as he laid down his basic doctrinal line, "is because of the great prosperity which the country is enjoying at the present time. It is the demand for building, it is the demand for goods, it is the demand for all sorts of things that are exceeding supply, and that is what is putting the pressures, the inflationary pressures, on us today."

Well, said Senator Kerr, would the Secretary indicate what goods in fact were in short supply? He noticed, for example, that the steel industry was only operating at eighty-six per cent of capacity. In rejoinder to Kerr's challenge, Mr. Humphrey cited the shortage of oil-line pipe.

SENATOR KERR: You said that this inflation was caused by a bigger demand than productive capacity could supply.

SECRETARY HUMPHREY: That is right.

SENATOR KERR: And the only one you have told me so far was line pipe.

SECRETARY HUMPHREY: That is right.

SENATOR KERR: What others?

SECRETARY HUMPHREY: I will get you a list.

SENATOR KERR: Do you know of any other, Mr. Secretary?

SECRETARY HUMPHREY: I will get you a list.

SENATOR KERR: Do you know of any other?

SECRETARY HUMPHREY: I will get you a list.

SENATOR KERR: Do you know of any other at this moment?

SECRETARY HUMPHREY: I will bring a list which will have the statistics to back it up. . . .

And so on for a total of twenty-two exchanges that ended with Humphrey still promising to cite other items in short supply.

Here was the nub of the argument: What kind of inflation were we in? Two days before the issue was joined on this point, Senator Harry F. Byrd (D., Virginia), chairman of the committee, had raked Secretary Humphrey fore and aft about different matters. Yet although this was humanly interesting as "an attack from the Right," Byrd's fire was aimed only at the secondary targets Humphrey had left exposed.

Raked Fore and Aft

Yes, the budget was in balance but only by a hair wrapped around accounting gimmicks. Federal spending had been reduced but it was still at the highest "peacetime" level in American history. Yes, a few billion dollars had been paid on the national debt, but taking the four years as a whole, the aggregate size of the debt had increased to a point where it was pressing hard against the statutory limit. Yes, there had been some tax reductions back in 1954, but in the main those taxes were a result of the Korean War and were due to expire automatically at a stated time. Nor were there any prospects for a really new and meaningful tax cut in sight.

As for the Treasury's claim that it shifted the debt structure from a basis of short-term vulnerability requiring constant refinancing to a long-term basis, the very opposite occurred. The short-term proportion of the public debt has *increased* since 1953, while the long-term proportion has *decreased*. Moreover, the two memorable efforts by the Treasury to refinance the debt by means of

Kerr

long-term issues had led to grim results.

The first, issued shortly after the Eisenhower Administration came into office, bore a radical and arbitrary increase in interest rates—on the theory that the nation was in a dangerous inflationary situation that needed curbing by monetary restraints. In point of fact, despite the Korean War prices had been relatively stable from December, 1951, to March, 1953. Thus by undertaking to curb a nonexistent inflation, all the initial long-term high-rate issue did was to soak up so much capital as to create a near panic in the money markets, followed by the recession of 1953-1954. As for the second long-term issue of significance—the one issued in May, 1957—it was subscribed to by only seventy-two per cent, and was pronounced a distinct flop in financial circles. Indeed, in describing the general operations of the Treasury during the spring and early summer of this year, the *Wall Street Journal* used a reminiscent phrase: "the mess in the Treasury."

Are We or Aren't We?

Yet all this, to repeat, was of secondary importance. The main issue was inflation—not whether it is good or bad in principle but simply what kind of inflation are we in?

If it corresponds to Secretary Humphrey's version—namely, a great and uniform expansion in the economy in which demand for goods and services everywhere exceeds supply (including the supply of money)—then the Administration's across-the-board "hard money" policy as an instrument of control is both defensible and supportable. For to accept the fact of "creeping inflation" as the price of "full employment" and "full production" is to accept the fact that many millions of elderly or disabled Americans who live on fixed pensions and annuities will be pauperized. It also means that additional millions who work on low and inflexible salaries will have their standard of living sharply reduced. In the circumstances, strict monetary controls on credit expansion are far less onerous than the two alternative anti-inflationary devices—direct controls on wages and prices or deliberately induced unemployment to check rising costs.

But there is impressive testimony from many quarters that the kind of inflation we now have is not the kind Mr. Humphrey talks about, the kind that might have justified the whole of his hard-money policy.

At the turn of the year, in a scath-

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ing attack on the administration's conduct of monetary and fiscal policies, the highly respected *Business Week* stated flatly: "We are not in the midst of a runaway inflation or even on the edge of one." This publication cannot be accused of anti-Republican bias. It is edited by Elliott V. Bell, a major figure in the entourage of former Governor Thomas E. Dewey, and a leader in the internationalist wing of the Republican Party.

In anti-administration circles, meanwhile, Robert Kerr, Russell Long, Clinton Anderson, and Albert Gore—four Democrats on the Senate Finance Committee—have also been questioning the Humphrey views on inflation.

In the case of the four Democrats, many of their facts are traceable to Leon Keyserling, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Truman. In early April of 1957, Keyserling in the course of testifying before the Senate Finance Committee against an increase in interest rates on saving bonds launched an all-out assault on the adminstration's "hard money" policy.

Stripped to the essentials, here are his facts:

(1) In an economy that must keep expanding merely to stand still, our annual average growth rate had declined by the end of 1956 to less than half of what it was in 1947-1953.

(2) This slowdown in turn increased the deficiencies in total potential production from an annual average rate of $5 billion in 1947-1953 to an annual rate of more than $21 billion in the fourth quarter of 1956.

(3) Unemployment for the first quarter of 1957, standing at 6.4 per cent of the civilian labor force, was more than forty per cent higher than it was in 1953.

(4) After taxes, the ratio of small-business profit rates to big-business profit rates had dropped (by 1955) to fifty per cent.

(5) For the period of 1953-1956 as a whole, dividends increased at an average annual rate of 6.6 per cent, and personal interest income increased at an average annual rate of 6.8 per cent. But labor income increased at an average annual rate of only 3.2 per cent; small-business and professional income increased at an average annual rate of only 2.3 per cent; and net farm operators' income declined at an average annual rate of 5.4 per cent.

(6) While investment in heavy

machinery and durable equipment grew by about 12.7 per cent from 1955 to 1956 and investment in new construction (other than housing) grew by about six per cent, consumption grew by only 1.6 per cent.

Nor was this all. In the first four years of the Eisenhower Presidency, the total debt structure of the United States—Federal, state and local, corporate and private—increased $200 billion to a total of $793 billion, or about thirty-three per cent higher than it was in 1953. And the annual interest being paid on this total debt is about $3.3 billion higher than it would be if the 1952 interest rates had been maintained.

These facts portray not a booming economy but one that is slowing down generally—an economy in which an arbitrary hard-money policy is wrongheaded. It is wrongheaded because it comes at a time when there is an underutilization of capacities instead of an excessive demand for them, and because it merely transfers income from the people who borrow money and need money most to the people who have money to lend and thus have less need for supplemented income. It is wrongheaded because it has failed to curb industries like steel from shoving prices upward in order to reap profits that can pay for plant expansion even before the plant is built.

The only thing the indiscriminate application of the hard-money policy has curbed is investment in inventory financing and general operations by small business. It has raised interest on the money cities and states borrow, and thus increased the costs of building such things as schools. It has raised the interest cost severely on the very frequent refinancing that the farmer has had to do. It has tremendously increased costs on homeownership and home construction. And, finally, in various combinations of the foregoing facts lies the real reason why people of small means are cashing in their savings bonds at a rate in excess of what they are buying. It is not because they want to take advantage of better interest rates offered elsewhere. They are cashing them in because they need the money to help meet their current living costs, which have been rising steadily for a year.

An Economy in Disarray

The echo of these Keyserling arguments provides the common element of what Senators Kerr, Long, Anderson, and Gore had to say to Secretary Humphrey. What they added was drawn from the whole climate of the Eisenhower administration. Its "special incentives to business," its "fast tax write-offs," its "give-aways," its Hoover Commission Reports, its dismantling of vital government-sponsored programs, its packing of the regulatory commissions—all these have created a psychological state of mind among the great captains of industry that now is the time to get in there, grab, and get out; that now is the time to divert from the consuming power of the nation the funds that can go into the durable capital goods where the captains have their equities.

The great captains, of whom George Humphrey is certainly one, have yet to observe the axiom that mass production requires mass consumption, and that mass consumption requires effective mass purchasing power to absorb the output of mass production; if the elements of this equation are out of kilter, the whole economy goes out of kilter. It is that kind of economy in disarray which Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey leaves to his successor.

In the world of big business, Mr. Humphrey's views will continue to command respectful attention. But in more sophisticated financial circles, his valedictory was read as a confession of failure.

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VIEWS & REVIEWS

MOVIES: Big Guns And Faulty Aim

MARYA MANNES

EVERY YEAR OR SO the moviemakers, stung by dwindling audiences, gird their loins for a new assault on the public. One year it is the Bible, courtesy of two thousand extras and a bead-strung hussy; another it is the Western made "adult" by the inclusion of neurotics; another it is Korea or any hill besieged by bitter soldiers; or dope, or alcoholism, or mental disease.

For the past year Hollywood has been on a new kick. This too is "adult," stark, bitter, and contemporary, particularly useful because it can appear to be controversial without joining a major issue, and appear to be realistic without being real. Hollywood has thrown the book at Madison Avenue and its two handmaidens (call girls, shall we say?), television and the gossip press. Mustering its best talents and the assumption of audacity, the pot blackens the kettle. Or does it?

It almost does in *The Great Man,* the first film on this kick. It got halfway in *A Face in the Crowd,* the second. It shot wild in the third, *Sweet Smell of Success.*

Its lack of success in these three films, of which the first was by far the best, was certainly not due to the flimsiness of its target. There was plenty to shoot at and plenty that deserved shooting at. The manipulation of a sucker public by advertisers, press agents, and show personalities blown up far beyond their intrinsic worth and talent is one of the least attractive aspects of a society where product and publicity are inextricably joined, and where true and false are indistinguishable sides of the same rubbed-out coin: a debased currency.

For some years now, our most thoughtful and fluent writers have worried in print about these blurred values and their effect on our people. And now the producers of motion pictures, who have for so long contributed so much to this blurring, have got into the act, sounding the alarm and pouring the contempt. It would be nice to be able to applaud

them unreservedly. Certainly they deserve appreciation for attacking instead of retreating, for biting hard instead of mouthing soft. And some of the effects they achieve in all three pictures are theatrically brilliant and almost as compelling as honesty. But they did not learn from their first and best effort, *The Great Man,* that exaggeration of what is already exaggerated diminishes it, and that to treat sensation sensationally is to destroy the validity of the argument.

THE SMARTEST THING novelist Al Morgan and writer-actor-director José Ferrer did was never to let you see the object of their attack. "The Great Man," the radio idol of millions who never knew he was a colossal heel, died before the story began. His myth (and theirs) was destroyed *in absentia* by the evidence of all who had known him, recorded on tape by the man picked to succeed him. The picture was relentless in its exposure of the network-agency jungle, of cupidity and vanity and moral prostitution, but it never raised its voice, which made it all the more deadly. Ferrer's radio reporter on the way up was a human being with visible areas of decency, and even the ruthless network president committed his routine professional murders in a civilized manner worthy of his position.

The film was believable until the last moment when Ferrer, after

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cumulative revulsion, suddenly decides to destroy the godhead which he himself could have inherited by turning the mawkish memorial service he was to have broadcast into a gory autopsy of the Great Man's body and soul. The audience is left with the clear indication that this rash act puts everything right.

The Monster and the Mob

A Face in the Crowd also demolishes a public idol, although the film is more concerned with his creation. The man is a bestial bum who can strum and sing and dish out the kind of homey, corny pseudo-philosophical banter that any radio or TV addict can recognize all too well. The air is full of it. This character is discovered in the local jail by one of those roving girl radio reporters who bring their mikes and tapes to odd places to pick up "color." She picks up Rhodes—"Lonesome" Rhodes, as she christens him—in more ways than one, and it is instantly clear that she is as destined to make him as he is to break her. Patricia Neal, as the ingenuous, innocent, fascinated, and seriously passionate girl, enlists cumulative sympathy as her juggernaut protégé, brilliantly played by Andy Griffith, increasingly horrifies. This is a real monster, a were-ape, using his small talents and prodigious vitality to force products and—eventually—political ideas down the craw of his mesmerized public.

In the course of Lonesome's dizzying rise to national fame there are some wonderful parodies of television commercials and the men who produce them, of the precarious agency-network marriage, and of the kind of people—really the villains of the piece, the mob, the crowd—who fall for the values as well as the goods.

But it all becomes too preposterous. We are asked to believe that this monster Rhodes, with nothing but animal force, a guitar, and corn, animated solely by an insatiable ego and by contempt for the public that feeds it, can win that public's heart. And we are asked to believe that such a man could not only make us buy a fraudulent medicine like Vitajex but a government of reaction. Presumably neither Budd Schulberg, the writer, nor Elia Kazan, the producer, agrees with Lincoln about fooling people.

A Face in the Crowd suffers too from the same lack of motivation that weakens *The Great Man.* We never find out really why Lonesome Rhodes is as he is or behaves as he does. And instead of allowing us to see his disintegration grow within him as the natural fruit of his character and the natural cause of his ruin, the makers of the film demolish him with a gimmick, externally. His heartbroken and horrified mistress and creator pulls the switches in the control booth right after a show, permitting the public to hear what Rhodes, who believes he is off the air, really thinks of them. And so he goes out like a Roman candle, sputtering and screaming from the terrace of his penthouse into the night, to his evaporated audience, and to the woman who has rejected him.

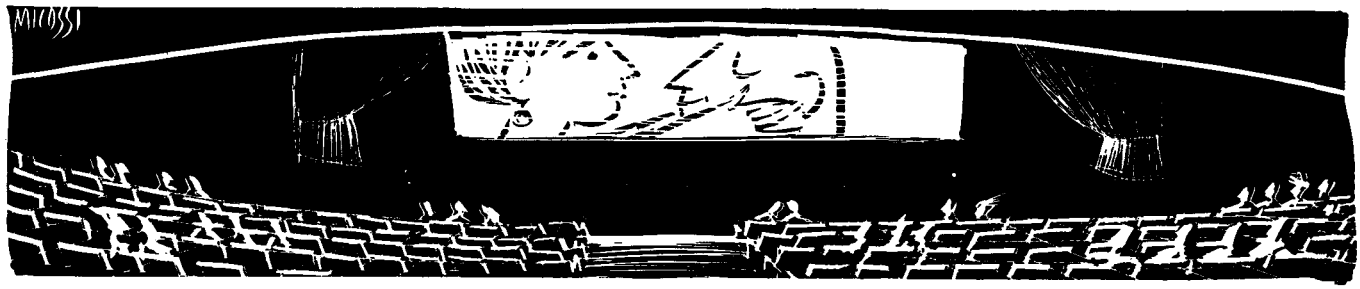
How much truer and more devastating would it have been to let him peter out (as such men do) when the public wakes (as the public does) from its infatuation. One look at the falling Trendex, the vanishing sponsors, and the fingers of people turning to another channel would have punctured the myth.

If *A Face in the Crowd* is an exaggeration, *Sweet Smell of Success* is a caricature—this time of the tabloid gossip columnist and the Broadway press agent who scavenges for him. Like the other two films, it is brilliantly paced, studded with vicious cracks, and photographed with an eye for evil. Like *Face,* the sound track of *Sweet Smell* is scored for the viscera: The constant jazz texture is violent and haunting, black and magical. But *Sweet Smell* is the most unpleasant of the unpretty three, not merely because its material is uglier but because the ugliness is unrelieved by any real understanding of character.

This writer holds no brief for the profession of gossip columnist, one of the lowest forms of journalism since it doesn't require the ability either to write well or to think well and exists solely by virtue of public prurience and private vanities. But it does require a gregarious nature, a sharp ear, and a genuine interest in people (provided, of course, they have Names)—qualities that elicit confidences from others and a free flow of personal information. And no one who remotely resembled "J. J. Hunsecker" as played by Burt Lancaster could last five minutes at Twenty-One or Toots Shor's. He is just another film monster, this time so icy, contained, and menacing that not even a fame-hungry starlet would dare approach him.

Casting the muscular, outdoor Lancaster in this nasty night-owl part was error enough; making him act as he did displayed a profound ignorance of the breed itself. What characterizes most gossip columnists is a surface amiability, intermittently genuine, a neon pastiness acquired from sitting all night in crowded joints, and an infinite capacity for small talk. Certainly they are neurotic; no stable human being would want this life. But no metropolitan paper, no matter how squalid, could afford to retain a man like "J.J." for long: a fellow who lives with a beautiful young sister whom he loves with possessive frenzy, who uses police to rough up his enemies, who lives by the double cross, who is uniformly loathed.

The producers of *Sweet Smell*



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had a wonderful chance to draw and quarter one of the blights of our society, and at one point they come close to doing it. They show this human leech preparing a broadcast about democracy and patriotism, a collection of sententious generalities about the virtues of a free society by a man who consistently abuses it. We have such men among us, always the first to wrap their deformities in the American flag. But the rest of the time the film concentrates on the unholy alliances between press agent and columnist and the unholy deals between columnist and columnist, between namers and named. In between it inserts young love, a smattering of lust, a few assaults, an attempted suicide, and about as sordid a bunch of people as you could assemble on a Broadway street corner any night.

ONE of the amusing by-products of *Sweet Smell of Success* was the outraged reaction of columnist Hy Gardner of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who lumped the film along with *The Great Man* and *A Face in the Crowd* as a "smear movie," deliberately defaming the profession of which it treats. He attacks *Sweet Smell* as "phonied up," which indeed it is, mainly on the grounds that in reality "a majority of the boys [gossip columnists] are at least as decent, considerate and compassionate as any individual who holds responsible reins in any field of endeavor," and then proceeds more specifically to describe much-sued Lee Mortimer as "a tremendously loyal friend" ("off-typewriter"), to say that Ed Sullivan "will detour for miles to give a friend or an unknown a break," and that Winchell, "when he's in the mood, can be ingratiating, fascinating and thoroughly charming."

Touching as this solidarity may be, Mr. Gardner is as far off the beam in extolling the nobility of his profession as *Sweet Smell of Success* is in picking the wrong ducks in the target. The film could have performed a healthy service to the American public by showing the pitiful lengths to which people will go for publicity and the pitiful triviality of the lives led by those who give it to them. *Sweet Smell* endows gossip columnists with exaggerated power. Such men can make a small talent but they cannot break a big one. Although millions may read them, few remember what they say. They trade in names for people who have none; they pass the time for people who have too much of it.

THE COMMON FLAW in at least two of these three films exposing the legends of publicity and false idolatry is that they often practice the sins they condemn: sensationalism, exaggeration, vulgarity, syntheticism. They make people look and listen and recoil from what they see and hear on the screen, but not necessarily from what is part of the world around them.

Because the Great Man and Lonesome Rhodes and J. J. Hunsecker are so far removed from identification with any living entertainers or columnists, the perversions of value that make the real ones possible remain dramatic concepts, divorced from reality. Hollywood, for all its "raw slices of life," "ruthless exposures of the contemporary scene," and so forth, still clings to the world of make-believe.

Mrs. Meyer's Program For the Public Schools

AUGUST HECKSCHER

EDUCATION FOR A NEW MORALITY, by Agnes E. Meyer. *Macmillan. $2.50.*

Mrs. Meyer returns in this small book, one of the volumes in the Kappa Delta Pi lecture series, to a theme that has frequently preoccupied her: the American public school and how it can be made to match the need of today's revolutionary society. Two developments in particular, Mrs. Meyer believes, challenge the schools to re-examine their basic assumptions. The first is the change from a rural to an urban civilization —a civilization that increasingly demands an emphasis upon meaningful relations among men. The second is the dominance of science.

The great problem of the time is seen as the dichotomy in our life caused by the split between science and the humanities. The liberal arts are losing their authority because they do not deal with the things that are uppermost in people's minds. At the same time science stands as an outsider, unwarmed and undomesticated by the values on which our society rests. To bridge this chasm, Mrs. Meyer asks for a reorientation of our school system in a direction that will give science its due and will draw from it the full benefits of its insights and methods. She is particularly indignant against the "defeatists"—contemporary theologians appear to be chief among them—who see science as a menace to our civilization.

Science, in Mrs. Meyer's eloquent tract, is sometimes exalted as a tool that puts at the disposal of modern man capacities and powers beyond anything known in former ages. Sometimes it is exalted for its own sake, as a discipline that makes men disinterested, open-minded, objective, and fair. It thus becomes the basis of morality, the underpinning of democracy, and the foundation stone of a new international order.

Mrs. Meyer's faith in the reform of the social structure, her enthusiasm for experimental techniques and for better human relations as the key to education, recall an earlier period in our thinking. The book, indeed, stresses modernity so consistently that it sometimes seems a little old-fashioned. But it is a cheerful, hopeful sort of old-fashionedness, stemming from such sources as William James and John Dewey. At a time when most philosophers are looking for strength within the individual and for salvation in a truth outside science, Mrs. Meyer's emphasis on the social group and on empirical methods keeps another aspect of the search healthily in mind.

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Atomic Weapons And the German Elections

GORDON A. CRAIG

GERMAN REARMAMENT AND ATOMIC WAR: THE VIEWS OF GERMAN MILITARY AND POLITICAL LEADERS, by Hans Speier. *Row, Peterson. $5.*

Despite the requirements of his faith, it must be difficult these days for Chancellor Adenauer to feel very charitable toward atomic scientists. Perhaps nothing has done more to darken his prospects in the forthcoming elections than the public declaration issued at Göttingen in April by eighteen nuclear physicists warning against the implications of the military policy being pursued by the Bonn government and demanding that the government avow its voluntary renunciation of atomic weapons of all kinds. This declaration touched off the heated debate on atomic questions which took place in the Bundestag in May and which was a kind of rehearsal for the electoral campaign. Now, in the weeks that precede the September election, the Chancellor's opponents will certainly play on the fears aroused by the Göttingen declaration and do their best to convince the German public that to keep the Adenauer coalition in power would be to make the atomic destruction of the Federal Republic probable if not inevitable.

The Chancellor himself is, of course, largely responsible for the effect of the Göttingen declaration. It was a statement of his in April, to the effect that tactical atomic weapons were merely a further development of artillery and that the Bundeswehr could not be expected to forswear them and turn its back on military progress, that led the scientists to make their public protest. Once they had done so, Adenauer issued an ill-considered statement that appeared to say that the scientists didn't really understand the issues and that they should have come to him before rushing into print. This did not satisfy a public that was more deeply moved by the protest than the Chancellor imagined, and at the same time it gave his opposition an opportunity to charge him with arrogance.

Even so, it must be admitted that Adenauer is not the sole author of his present embarrassments. They are an inevitable result of confusions inherent in western military policy in general. As Henry A. Kissinger has written recently: "We have never been clear about the strategy behind our alliance policy—whether we mean to defend our allies against invasion or whether we rely on an over-all strategy superiority vis-à-vis the Soviet bloc to defeat aggression." This lack of clarity has made German rearmament a difficult business and has involved the Chancellor, as the author of that policy, in a series of awkward predicaments.

THE WHOLE STORY of the German rearmament effort is reviewed in the new study of German opinion on military questions by Hans Speier, the head of the Social Science Division of the RAND Corporation. He points out that immediately after the Federal Republic had been admitted to NATO and authorized to raise a contingent of half a million men with conventional arms, the task of doing so, in a country where anti-militarism was very strong, was made doubly difficult by the decision of the NATO Council in December, 1954. That decision made it clear that in the event of an attack from the east, NATO forces would use atomic weapons in defense.

Once this was known, anyone in Germany who was opposed to rearmament, for whatever reason, could argue that conventional forces had been made obsolete and that it was pointless to raise them. Adenauer staunchly opposed this thesis, maintaining that if war came to central Europe it would be a limited war fought with conventional forces, which might or might not be supported by tactical atomic weapons. But neither his arguments nor those of then Defense Minister Theodor Blank succeeded in persuading the Bundestag to pass an adequate conscription bill, and as late as the middle of last year the term of service for conscripts had not been defined.

The Chancellor's difficulties were multiplied when, in July, 1956, the New York *Times* reported that Admiral Radford had proposed a radical cutback in U.S. forces which would almost certainly reduce the number of troops stationed in Germany. The fact that he had received no advance information about this so infuriated Adenauer that he delivered a public attack on American policy. He intimated that the United States seemed to be giving up any serious intention of defending Europe on the ground and charged that the new plan would mean "shifting the principal emphasis to atomic weapons." This, he said, was a mistake, for to counter an East German invasion of West Germany with nuclear weapons would without doubt "trigger an intercontinental rocket war. . . . I am of the opinion that it is of special importance to localize small conflicts that may occur, and for this we need divisions with conventional weapons."

'Atomic Blackmail'

Washington met this forthright statement with kind words but little in the way of reassurance. Meanwhile, the slow progress of his own military program exhausted the Chancellor's patience, and in an attempt to break the parliamentary log jam he gave up his insistence on an eighteen-month term of service, agreed that conscripts need serve for only one year, and simultaneously replaced Theodor Blank with Franz-Josef Strauss, formerly minister of atomic affairs.

One change led to another. It was probably Strauss who first suggested that the shortage of military manpower the abbreviated term of service would cause might be compensated by equipping the Bundeswehr with tactical atomic weapons. In any case, the Chancellor seems to have sounded out his NATO partners on this matter before the year was out. But it was not until April of this year that he came out into the open before the German public. The Brit-

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ish White Paper, with its warning of troop withdrawals from Germany, was probably the final factor in his decision to make the statement that led almost immediately to the rejoinder of the Göttingen scientists.

Whatever else may happen in the future, Adenauer's decision to shorten the term of service makes it unlikely that even in the best of circumstances Germany will ever meet its treaty obligation to supply half a million men to NATO. This is serious in itself and has already had disturbing repercussions within the alliance. At the same time, although this has not been widely appreciated abroad, it has created some grave domestic dangers. As Speier points out, efficiency in handling modern weapons requires more than twelve months' training, and that means that conscripts cannot now be the mainstay of the Bundeswehr. "The ratio of volunteers to conscripts will be about three to two, a reversal of the ratio originally envisaged by Blank. Volunteers will be enlisted for eighteen months or more and will include virtually all army officers, noncommissioned officers and air force and navy personnel. A shortage of suitable volunteers . . . could lead to an influx of former SS officers into the *Bundeswehr*." It need hardly be pointed out that such a development would not only jeopardize democracy in Germany but could conceivably cause difficulties within the NATO coalition.

IT WOULD do so, that is, if the Federal Republic remained within NATO, which is not a foregone conclusion. Speier's survey of German opinion was unfortunately completed before the beginning of the atomic debate touched off by the Göttingen declaration. But his careful treatment of such things as the German reaction to the CARTE BLANCHE atomic maneuvers of 1955 makes it clear that the present hubbub in Germany is merely the latest manifestation of something that United States policymakers, NATO planners, and the Chancellor himself have persistently underestimated: the feeling shared by thousands of Germans that NATO's strategic plans have nothing to offer them but the probability of atomic destruction.

It is unhappily true that many west Europeans, and very many Germans, tend to believe that if atomic war comes in Europe it will be the result of protection by the United States rather than of Soviet aggression. Speier writes: "The Soviet Union may be threatening war, but it is the United States that seems bent on making it an atomic one, either by insisting on unconventional resistance to conventional attack or, for precisely the same reason, by forcing the aggressor himself to resort to atomic attack." In a brilliant chapter on "Atomic Blackmail," the author goes on to show that this feeling, which is induced by the all too obvious lack of conventional strength in the western order of battle, gives added weight to Soviet blandishments and increases the possibility that our allies will be persuaded to detach themselves from our position.

SPEIER is not overoptimistic about the possibility of our countering these attitudes, and he admits that nothing we can do will entirely remove the fear of nuclear war in Europe. He believes that we may be able to defeat Soviet attempts to intimidate the weaker members of the western coalition by maintaining superiority in strategic nuclear weapons and the means of delivering them at long range, and he suggests that, far from reversing the policy inaugurated by the NATO decision of December, 1954, it may be wise now for the United States to carry it further by helping the smaller powers of NATO acquire a strategic nuclear capability of their own, individually or jointly, as a means of increasing their confidence and their ability to resist Soviet pressure. Aside from this, he intimates that our allies, and the Germans in particular, are simply going to have to master their apprehension and face up to the unpleasant facts of the atomic age: "It is necessary for the people themselves to have a realistic understanding of the nature of war, of the stakes for which it will be necessary to fight it, and of the measures that must be taken to increase the likelihood of moral and physical survival."

This hard prescription seems to be attaining popularity of late among those who are engaged in diagnosing the ills of our allies. In his book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, Henry Kissinger agrees that one of our chief tasks must be "to overcome the trauma which attaches to the use of nuclear weapons and to decentralize the possession of nuclear weapons as rapidly as possible." There may be much in this. But it should be noted that in the debate now raging in Germany the idea of decentralizing the possession of nuclear weapons has already been labeled by one of the Göttingen scientists, Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker, as an assurance of destruction for the recipients if war comes. The wide currency given to this speech suggests that dispelling atomic fears by this method will not be easy. Whether it can even be tried will depend on the results of the September elections.

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The War That Really Ended War

S. L. A. MARSHALL

ON THE BEACH, by Nevil Shute. *William Morrow. $3.95.*

Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, was asked to read this book and express his view. He said, "I hope it is fiction. Are you sure that it is?" Many will read, and afterward, like Finletter, ask the same question.

On the Beach is not quite the story of the end of the world. Its cast, the last survivors of the human race, remind each other that the globe will keep on spinning as "they creep away into holes to die" of radiological illness. They liken their ordeal to death by cholera, and even call it that, as if using the name would make it less wretched. There will be no people or animals on earth or anything animate in sky or sea. Being hardier, rabbits will outlast man a little while—a bitter pill for the convulsed Australian farmer who has fought them all his life.

The final hope of the dying is that should life ever again come to the planet its gift would be attended by greater wisdom than is given earth dwellers in our century.

SHUTE'S book may either captivate or repel, according to how people react to this novelist and to the degree of their personal concern about the progressive peril of our times. The enwrapt may well say of *On the Beach* that it is the most terrifying story since the Deluge. It achieves power two ways. Shute, a scientist and engineer turned novelist for escape and fortune, commands respect as a researcher, even in the ranks of science. He weaves his plots around wholesome, lovable people, filled with sublime courage, responding to the nobler instincts of the human family.

Alas, such strengths cannot save the protagonists of this story. Nor is the description of their fate apt to prompt a world trend toward spiritual reform. But it is a majestic try. As may be said equally of John Hersey's clinical study of a few people at Hiroshima, it is more revealing than the whole library of scientific literature intended to cry warning.

There have been other such scare books. None has ever dealt as directly with a present, pressing problem. H. G. Wells, when writing *The Shape of Things to Come,* gave the human race a second chance. His war merely put man back into another Dark Age with a prospect for saner rebuilding. Man-made weapons of universal destructiveness were not then at hand.

Shute projects what can happen from weapons already stockpiled or now in development triggered by a carelessness in political control no worse than that which built up the First and Second World Wars. Only a fool or a firm believer in the value of the atomic stalemate as the linchpin of world security would say in his heart that control is better assured today than when the last unpremeditated global explosion was detonated.

The Little Guys Began It

The war to end war, and the human race as well, began in late 1961. It was fought and concluded at long range with H-bombs and missiles, all dirty. Now, in parenthesis, the captious may object that the family of strategic guided missiles will not be perfected by that time, even as today's statesmen might argue that the world power circle, offered the clean bomb, could not be so stupid as to retain loaded arsenals of dirty bombs for another four years. Here are two instances of vulnerability in Shute's story, inviting critics to shoot it from the sky with our latest-model Nike. Its theme is not supported by the logic of technical and political development as we now intend it. It is merely consistent with the vagaries of human experience as we live it.

BUT TO GET ON with the war. It was not a staged Armageddon between Communism and the West. Yet the great powers were helpless to stop it. For strategic advantage they had shared the H-bomb with small allies and neutrals, "the Little Irresponsibles," as people in the book call them.

This was the fatal blunder. How war started, exactly how it built up, survivors had neither time to learn nor latitude in which to investigate in the short twilight following the shooting. It was believed that Egypt had sneak-bombed the United States; the United States mistook the source of the bombing and bombed Russia. Albania and Israel engaged early. Red China and the Soviet Union turned against each other, both thinking they could clinch objectives on the Eurasian land mass without self-jeopardy. Governments were quickly killed off and junior officers were commanding national forces. About forty-six hundred fusion and fission missiles were fired before science lost count because the Northern Hemisphere had ceased to function.

All this is months past when the book opens. Everything is dead above the southern tropic. In the antipodes, the last rampart of man lies south of Port Moresby, New Guinea, whence began the triumphant recovery in the great Pacific War of 1942. But no MacArthur magic could beat back the encroachment of 1961.

As winter must shortly follow summer, so the upper air currents, which for six months have stormed the northern continents with radioactive dust killing all life, move their circulatory systems southward. The seasonal immunity afforded by the pressure equator ends gradually as the whorls reach toward Antarctica. Life continues around the African Cape and in the South American llanos where other survivors await the creeping death. These remnants of humanity are joined only by infrequent radio contact. The stuff of modern mobility and wide-ranging transportation was all produced by the half of the world that now is dead. In Aus-

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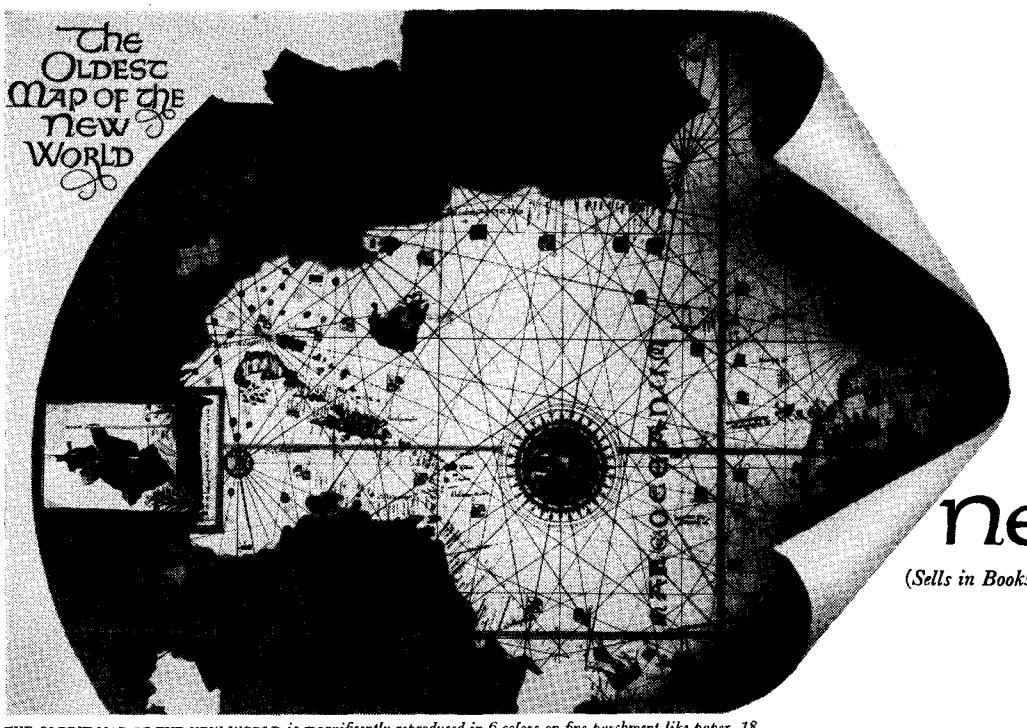

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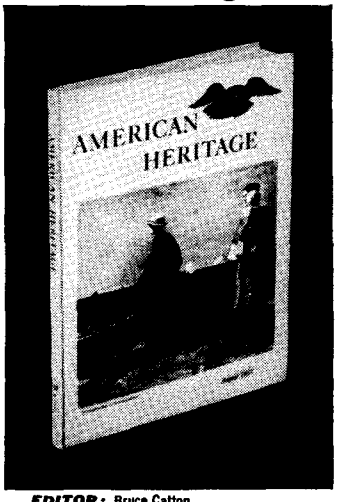

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tralia, motorcars have been de-engined, fitted with shafts, and converted into horse-drawn carriages.

OF WHAT WAS the United States, there remain two atom-powered submarines: the *Scorpion* and its crew, attached to the Australian Navy, and its sister ship, *Swordfish*, which has escaped to Montevideo.

Such plot as there is develops around the *Scorpion*, its two futile and final reconnaissance missions, the first to Darwin and Port Moresby to get a periscope view of a dead civilization, the second to Seattle and Alaskan waters on approximately the same mission. The *Scorpion*'s leader, Commander Towers, U.S.N., the Australians and Americans in his orbit, their contracting frame of life, and their changing attitudes and emotions as they all knowingly face toward death, which will arrive at a predetermined hour, provide the personal substance of the story.

The handling of these human equations in an unexampled situation is the writing problem supremely testing Shute's powers, compared to which his elaborating of scientific and technical relevancies is almost incidental. How well he has succeeded in that attempt is probably a little beyond competent earthly appraisal—thus far. As one character in the book says, "Nothing like this has happened to the world before. If it had, we wouldn't be talking about it."

Shute writes in a low key. He is not afraid of humor amid horror. There is no moralizing in the book and hardly a shrill note. Its dreadfully anticlimactic situation is developed with utmost casualness. Of his handling of the human drama under the pressure of certain doom, one may say only that it is replete with the inconsistencies, swift changes in mood, extravagant concern for trivial detail, groundless hopes, and astonishing flashes of strength to be observed in men under battle's inordinate pressure.

Forty-four Cities Are Gone

While the presses were printing *On the Beach*, American officialdom staged Operation ALERT, scuttling to peripheral shelters because of a simulated H-bomb attack on the United States. This was a dry run in preparation for what is repeatedly labeled an "inconceivable danger."

Chicago could not participate because it was rain-drenched. Elsewhere, the exercise was described by higher authority as "successful" because, while forty-four great American cities had theoretically been razed, enough Americans had heeded the warning to keep us in being. Nothing was said of the fallout impact from an attack that could kill forty-four cities, or of the fact that an unlimited 1957 war would certainly be fought with dirty bombs.

In London the disarmament conference remained stalled at dead center. Such marginal gain to survival prospects as lies in the promise of the clean bomb superinduces no detectable change in the international climate. That it stirred Khrushchev into saying Mr. Eisenhower "talks stupidities" on this subject was hardly helpful, if wholly accurate from the Russian's view.

Never before this summer has there been such quickened public interest in the extent and elaboration of the existing peril. But the mounting alarm has not spurred the search for solutions. It has not made less strident the voices of special interests within the secret-weapons empire or begotten a more articulate unity around the fundamental truth, governing action for peace no less than war: that some risks must be run if great causes are to be saved.

While such an imbalance continues, truth may be not only stranger than fiction, but less scrutable and less trustworthy in the face of impending calamity. The moral of Mr. Shute's 1961 is that man should have known better. The moral of 1957 is that he has far to travel and too little time.

If Only We Wouldn't Talk So Much!

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE PRICE OF POWER: AMERICA SINCE 1945, by Herbert Agar. *University of Chicago Press. $3.50.*

No other nation came to world power so suddenly and so swiftly as the United States; probably no other nation ever exercised power so reluctantly. The reluctance dates back to 1898 and the subsequent awkward retreat from an imperialism never really popular. The decision of 1917 was reluctant, and the repudiation of Versailles—and of Woodrow Wilson—was in part revenge for tempting us out of our political innocence. The neutrality legislation of the 1930's was imbecility rather than innocence, but that an otherwise sensible people should embrace it suggests that the issue was psychological rather than practical. The Second World War, impossible to avoid, was not popular, and popular enthusiasm for the Pacific rather than the European theater of conflict again suggests how much stronger is emotion than reason.

In the light of this long record, this built-in aversion to the Old World and to such mystical terms as imperialism, colonialism, and power politics, the change since 1945 is nothing short of astounding. Courageously and effectively, the United States accepted its fate and fulfilled its responsibilities. The record is perhaps unique in the history of power: the organization of the United Nations, the Truman

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Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, the organization of NATO, the defense of Korea, the development of atomic power for peaceful purposes, Point Four—these prodigious gestures are so wise and so enlightened that they point the way to a new concept of the use of power.

The Achievement and the Price

Mr. Agar, deeply rooted in American history and tradition, but looking at the United States from the vantage point of England, addresses himself in this magisterial little volume to an appreciation of the American achievement and an assessment of the price that America has been called upon to pay. He is duly impressed by the achievement and perhaps unduly concerned with the price. "Few people," he writes, "have ever been asked to enlarge their minds so fast from the illusion of safety to the knowledge of danger." The process was painful: McCarthyism and the hysteria over subversion are merely the most vulgar manifestations of reaction to the pain. Masses of Americans who yearned for the lost innocence of the McKinley era, for the simplicities of purely domestic politics, and for the rural virtues of reticence and thrift persuaded themselves that all our troubles were caused by intellectuals and one-worlders and do-gooders, and more than suspected treason rather than incompetence. Mr. Agar explores this neurosis, perhaps too sympathetically.

McCarthyism has passed, though its stains are ineradicable; other and more nearly normal costs remain. "Why should we be the first people in history to have our cake and eat it too," asks Mr. Agar, "our soldiers demobilized and our far-flung interests guarded?" Why, indeed? The question is, of course, rhetorical: We were not able to enjoy these felicities. We demobilized—too rapidly—and then had to mobilize again. And since that initial error of self-indulgence we have paid the price of power, not willingly but not too grudgingly. We maintained occupation forces in two hemispheres; organized a coalition of free nations to halt Communism; saved Berlin—it was the turning

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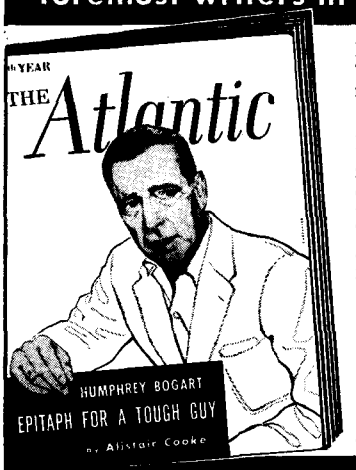

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point; suffered almost 160,000 casualties in Korea; poured sixty billion dollars into relief and military support; and organized much of our economy, our science, and our government around the principle of security.

Troubles, Real and Imaginary

It is, to be sure, a high price. But perhaps we are prone to dwell too emphatically on that price. The fact is—and an observer from England should see this more easily—that we have in fact had our cake and eaten it too. We have managed to be a world power, to build a coalition against Communism, and to maintain security at home and abroad; we have managed at the same time to enjoy relative peace and incomparable prosperity and—for most purposes—to go on doing business as usual. Collectively, we deserve the gentle rebuke that Mrs. Holmes administered to the Justice: "You have many troubles, most of which never happened."

There is, indeed, not merely in Mr. Agar's book but generally among Americans too great a readiness to fret over disenchantment. After all, disenchantment is neither new nor unique to Americans, and after all, too, it is odd that we should be so disenchanted about ourselves and expect the rest of the world to be so enchanted with us. We emerged from the war materially unscathed, rich, powerful, and—as most nations went—safe. We had no problems of reconstruction, as with Britain; no problems of morale, as with France; no problems of ruin and guilt, as with Germany. If we compare our experience and our felicity over the last decade or so with the experience of any other major people, all our self-pity, our talk about bankruptcy, our anxiety over subversion, our political billingsgate, our arrogant arguments about losing China take on a quality of special vulgarity.

To be sure, we act better than we talk, incomparably better; this suggests that we should talk less. If only we could persuade Europeans —or Indians or Africans—to look at what we do rather than listen to what we say! If only we could persuade ourselves to do what we know is right—what we will probably do in the end anyway—without first exacerbating each other and our friends everywhere!

But will not the historian, perhaps a century hence, who looks at the record of the past fifteen years conclude that the United States has so far, through rare good fortune and good conduct, escaped paying the customary price of power? We have not sacrificed our prosperity, or even our orthodox economic habits. We have not had to create a monolithic military machine, or subordinate the civilian to the military. We have avoided major wars and major catastrophes. We have not subverted our constitutional system, or unduly exalted the executive into a dictator. We have impaired freedom, but have not destroyed it. We have earned the distrust of many foreign peoples, but not their fear or their hatred.

We must keep in mind that we are at the beginning of an era rather than at an end. We are launched upon a sea of troubles, and but barely launched; worse troubles are ahead. We can take some satisfaction that we have survived the first tests, but we should prepare ourselves for shocks and tests more severe than any of those we have yet encountered. "For the powerful," says Mr. Agar, "there is no security."

The Best-Laid Plans Of Egypt's Pashas in Uniform

RAY ALAN

Revolt on the Nile, by Colonel Anwar el Sadat. *John Day. $3.*

"The choice," writes Colonel Anwar el Sadat of the Egyptian junior officers' coup of July, 1952, "was between revolution and a revolt." His personal preference was for revolution, and one of his main tasks as editor of the government daily *El-Goumhouriya* ("The Republic") has been to persuade the Egyptian people that a revolution was indeed accomplished. One imagines him grinding his teeth on seeing the title chosen for his book's English-language edition and dashing off another editorial in his current series on the viciousness of American imperialism.

Yet just five years after the coup, as the hopes it inspired are posthumously caricatured in the shape of President Nasser's puppet *Majlis el-Umma* ("Community Assembly"), it is clear that his publishers chose the correct title. For all its revolutionary pretensions, the movement in which Colonel Sadat (then a captain) played so active and devoted a role has, after all, remained a revolt.

President Nasser and his col-

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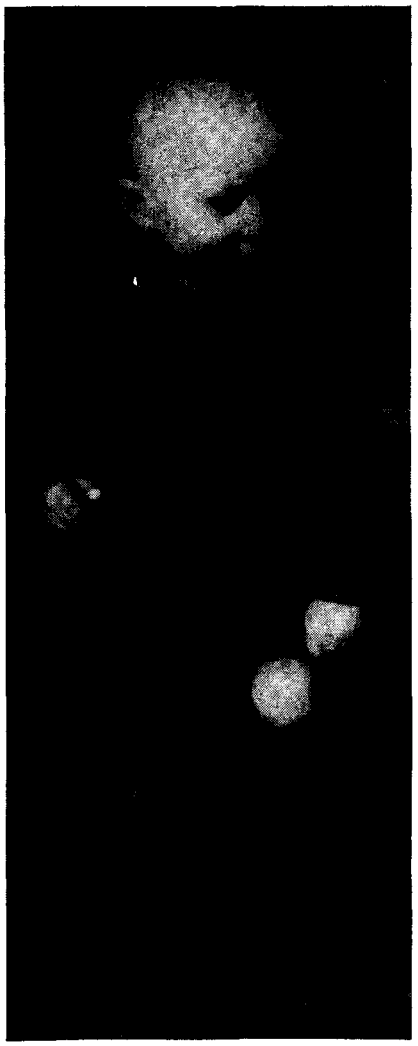
leagues have donned the very mantle of deviousness and demagogy that they stripped from the professional politicians. For the corrupt, inefficient, only halfheartedly illiberal plutocracy of the Farouk régime they have substituted a rather less corrupt but far more efficient authoritarianism. The sum total of privileges has not diminished in Egypt since 1952—only its center of gravity has shifted, from the king and big landowners to the *petit-bourgeois* section of the officers' corps. The Soviet-manufactured playthings of the new pashas in uniform take an even heavier toll of Egyptian resources than did the fleshpots of the old. And the very information media that might liberate Egyptian minds from the silt of centuries of ignorance, obscurantism, and superstition are exploited by the junta as machines for the mass production of hatred and xenophobia.

In 1955, for example, Colonel Sadat himself was largely responsible for the junta's decision to disseminate throughout the Near East an Arabic version of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" (and to distribute an English edition in the United States at the first favorable opportunity). The following sample of the sort of enlightenment the junta bestows on its credulous captive audience is from an article by Colonel Sadat in the ironically named government weekly *Et-Tahrir* ("Liberation"), issue dated November 29, 1955:

"The dogma laid down by the Wise Men of the Jews has for their followers the sanctity of holy scripture . . . supposedly laid down by God and therefore to be obeyed blindly. This dogma asserts, for instance, that the Zionist is created of God's nature and that he is therefore entitled to all the treasures and resources of the world. It further claims that no non-Jew has any rights on earth and that non-Jews may exist only as the slaves of the Chosen People. It declares that a Jew who kills a non-Jew will be rewarded in Paradise."

What Went Wrong?

One of Egypt's most pressing needs today is a frank analysis of why the military régime went wrong; and it



Who will help Fani?

Fani is 2. For her the war is not yet over. Only one year ago, her father was killed by a mine which had been planted by the rebels during the war in Greece. Bereft and desperate, the mother tries to look after her young child. "Home" is one damp room with floor of beaten earth. There are no facilities. Water is carried from the public fountain. The poor old grandfather shares his daily bread with Fani and her mother. He can do no more. In this depressed mountain area, Fani and her mother are destitute. There is no pension for the father's death—there is nowhere for them to turn. A graceful, sweet child, Fani is too young to comprehend her mother's grief, her tear-stained face—her anguish for her child whom she cannot even adequately feed, clothe or shelter. Your help to Fani will give her her daily bread, her clothes—and more, it will give this young mother a reason to live—to watch her child grow up. Won't you help a distressed child like Fani—for your help today means hope for tomorrow.

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is a measure of the junta's failure that any Egyptian writer who tried to publish one would immediately be interned. It would be naïve, certainly, to expect one of Colonel Sadat, whose job is to convince his public that the millennium is just around the corner—or would be but for the Americans, British, French, Iraqis, Jews, Jordanians, Turks, and Lebanese. But his present book, although it takes the story no further than the summer of 1952, drops a few hints.

Revolt on the Nile is very largely a toned-down rehash in Anglo-American journalese of accounts Colonel Sadat has already published in Arabic of the preparation of the 1952 coup. It rarely delves beneath the superficial. The figures that flit through its pages are mere comic-strip characters. Nasser is inevitably "manly and straight-backed . . . calm and deep, always master of his emotions"; the British and Jews are invariably beneath contempt. But the more flagrant clichés of Cairo propaganda are mercifully sparse.

Only in the six scant pages devoted to the Palestine war does Colonel Sadat seriously insult his western readers' intelligence. No mention is made of the Arab League's decision to oppose the 1947 U.N. partition plan by force—or even of the U.N. plan's existence; on the contrary, we are assured, Britain preferred to provoke war rather than refer the matter to the U.N. The Jews, incited and protected by the British, began the fighting. "One after another, Arab towns and villages were razed. The defenseless Arabs were massacred or driven from their homes. . . ."

More often than not, Colonel Sadat's zeal cancels itself out. On page 81, for example, the Farouk régime "was not easy to overthrow"; on page 155 "no régime ever fell more easily." "From May 1945 to July 1952," we read on page 91, freedom of the press was "rigidly curtailed" in Egypt; four pages later we find public opinion being "inflamed by the newly-liberated press" in this same period.

BOTH BEFORE and after their coup, Nasser and his associates collectively betrayed similar inconsistencies. At one point they would have backed Farouk had he been willing to stand out against the British; at another they proposed to the Wafdists, as a condition for taking action against the British, a coup to displace Farouk. They reproached the British with collaboration with the Wafd (and one of their number threw a shoe at Wafdist leader Nahas Pasha) but later contemplated keeping the Wafd in power after their coup. While avowedly opposed to "clerical reactionaries" and the immixture of religion and politics, they flirted with the Moslem Brotherhood and on the international plane took the lead in organizing the Mecca Pan-Islamic Congress (its secretary: Anwar el Sadat), whose sole purpose was to exploit Moslem sentiment for political ends.

The issue on which there was the least inclination to compromise and which overshadowed all others was that of Anglo-Egyptian relations. The Egyptian *petite bourgeoisie,* in particular the junior officers, hated Britain with an obsessive fury that had been incubating since 1882. During the Second World War, boasts Colonel Sadat (who was at that time interned for pro-German activities), "the hostility of the Egyptian Army resulted in the immobilization of considerable British forces which Britain could more usefully have employed elsewhere."

A Motto for Nasser

On page after page of *Revolt on the Nile* Colonel Sadat flaunts his dislikes—the British, the Americans, the Jews, Farouk, "capitalism," "imperialism," Egyptian and Iraqi politicians. But one searches in vain for some positive statement. And here again he typifies the junta as a whole. As his book helps confirm, the only positive item in the Free Officers' program was the seizure of power. What to do with power and the possibility that it might corrupt its new devotees as thoroughly as it had their predecessors was not seriously considered.

The resultant ideological vacuum was filled for a time by stopgap improvisation at home, a Mussolinian stance abroad, and ultimately the Nasser "personality cult," which has served both domestic and regional needs. But these were poor sops for educated Egyptians, even for Nasser's military colleagues and subordinates. A majority of them tended from 1953 on to veer leftward under the guidance of a small but assiduous fellow-traveling intelligentsia whose aloofness from party politics in the past and ineligibility for junta intrigue in the present gave it an aura of altruism and integrity.

Colonel Sadat makes no mention of what has been happening since 1952. His eyes are fixed firmly on the past as he burnishes his remembrance of the inbred hates, resentments, feuds, complexes, and obsessions on which the junta rode to power. Only once does he introduce a thought capable of wider application. "History is nothing," he says, "but a constant humbling of arrogance." He would serve Egypt by framing this text and hanging it on the wall of his president's office.

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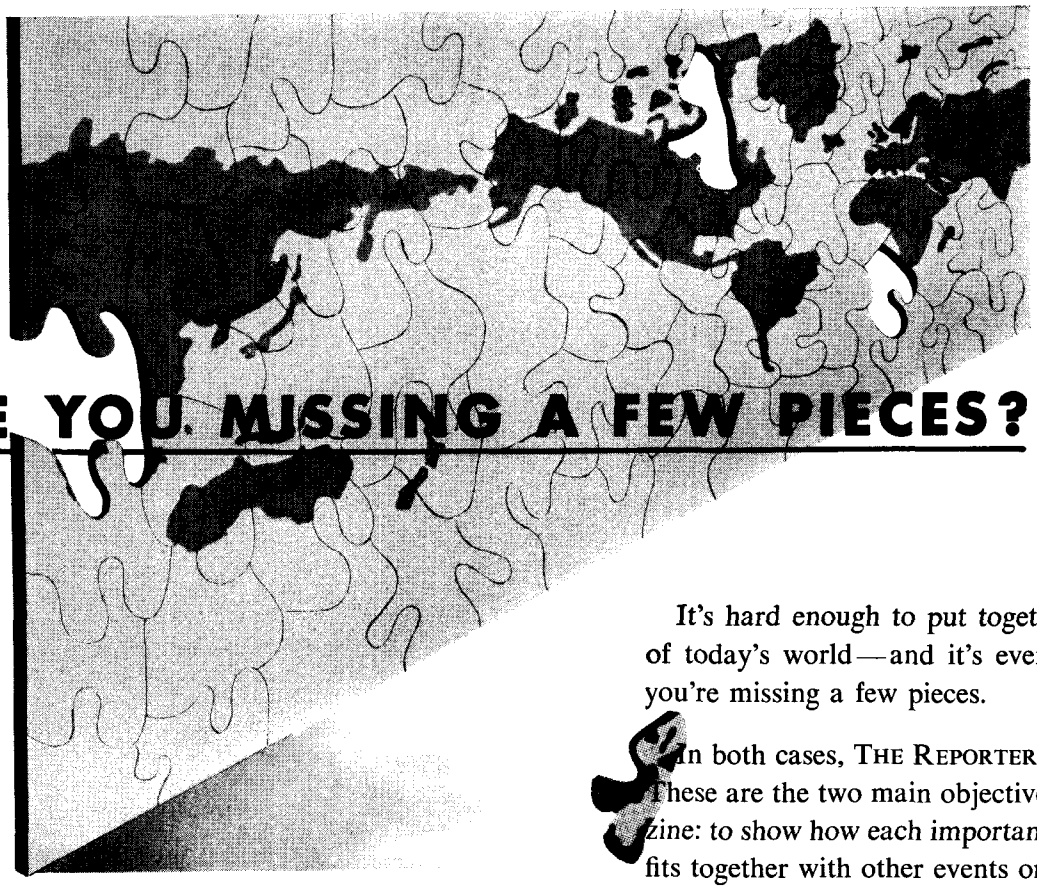

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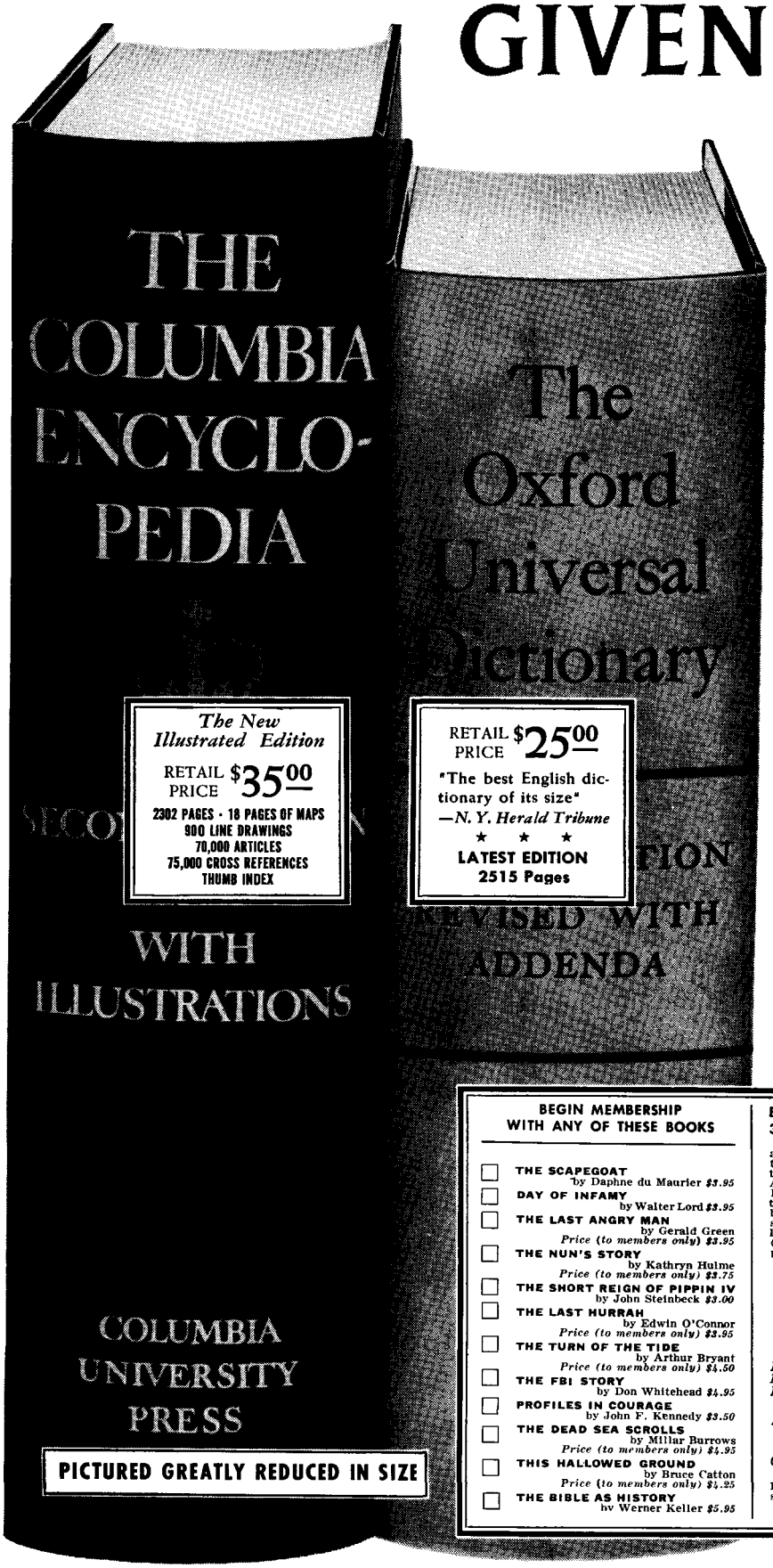

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